ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. TEN CENTS A COPY. VOL. 12, NO. 5.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

February . 1889.

The Nineteenth Century is Woman's Century.—Victor Hugo.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO ART LITERATURE BIOGRAPHY HOME SCIENCE AND WOMAN'S WORK

Contents

FRONTISPIECE —Mother Stewart		160
MOTHER STEWART	*E. T. H.*	161
A FEBRUARY SONG	*Leigh Harold*	164
TOUCHING STORY OF A RING		164
HE KNOWS	*Cecil Hampden Howard*	165
WHAT OF THE NIGHT? II	*Lucia E. F. Kimball*	166
SOME FRENCH COSTUMES FROM THE NOVELISTS	*Fred Myron Colby*	168
SORROW'S ANTIDOTE	*Frederick Saunders*	171
THE MALADVENTURES OF A BRIDEGROOM		171
MARGHERITA MIA	*Vesta Dowler*	174
THE POTSDAM GIANTS	*S. Alice Ranlette*	174
GRACE WINSLOW'S GIRLHOOD, XVIII	*Sarah M. Perkins*	175

HOME DEPARTMENT.

"THE HEART OF THE HOME"		178
A MOTHER'S LOVE	*Nellie M. Thompson*	179
THE EARLY MOTHERS, II	*Dr. J. H. Hanaford*	180
AN AUTUMN CHAPLET	*Emily V. Keever*	181
THE HOUSEKEEPER'S SCRAP-BOOK	*Olive Chesney*	183

ABOUT WOMEN.

HOW GIRLS MAY EARN MONEY AT HOME		184
THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE OF COLORADO SPRINGS	*Julia A. Sabine*	185

Paris World's W. C. T. U. Ladies' Room.—From The Woman's Magazine in Japan.—New Lines of Work.—Work and Workers.

EDITOR'S NOTES,	187
"The MacClenny Nurses."—Magazines.	
"NOW AND THEN"	189

ESTHER T. HOUSH, Editor. FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., Publishers, Brattleboro, Vt.

Copyright, 1889, by Frank E. Housh & Co. Entered at the Brattleboro, Vt. Post-office as Second Class Matter.

"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN PAPERS."

THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY

MARCIA L. WATSON, Editor. Our Contributors are Douglas Frazar, R. Raum Boyle, M.D., Verend Minster, Mrs. Alice M. Crockett, Edwin Ruston, L. C. O. Houghton, Mrs. F. M. Howard, Eleanor W. F. Bates, Ada Thorpe Loftus, Harriet Tremaine Terry, Julie Adams Powell, and others.

FANCY WORK.—This department is celebrated for its original designs, and reliable directions. The latest Parisian and London, as well as American novelties appear regularly. **8 to 10 correct illustrations** add interest to this department.

FASHIONS.—The latest Fashions appear each month, with an average of **twenty beautiful engravings.** Our Fashion Department is not excelled by any American publication.

ART NEEDLEWORK.—A series of fine articles on **"High Art Embroidery,"** by L. C. O. HOUGHTON, profusely illustrated, is a valuable feature.

SUNSHINE FOR YOUTH.

The best juvenile periodical on this continent. **Sunshine for Youth,** and for **those of all ages whose hearts are not withered,** is a **16 page, 64 column** monthly publication. The best writers for youth in the world are its regular contributors. Every number splendidly illustrated. **Subscription price, 75 cents per year.**

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Prime Object of this advertisement is to place THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY in your home the coming year, if you don't know how good it is we want to hire you to try it. Seventh volume. See our great dollar offer below.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DECORATIVE OIL PAINTING, by MRS. ALICE M. CROCKETT, is worth many times the subscription price, to those interested in this.

FLORICULTURE.—Floral Talks, by EDWIN RUSTON, delight the amateur florist, and all who love flowers.

MEDICAL TALKS, by DR. R. RAUM BOYLE, invaluable to all who will take good advice for the preservation of their health.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS is a collection of tried recipes each month. A series of articles **"How to Entertain," "Five O'Clock Teas," "The Art of Housework," "Hints by the Way,"** etc., etc., are now running, by EUNICE, DOROTHY W., and ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

CHILDREN—Charming illust'd juvenile stories and poems every issue.

CORRESPONDENCE.—A page of letters from the "Household Sisters" brightens every issue, and the EXCHANGE COLUMNS are always of interest

STORIES.—Each issue contains one **complete** ill'st'd story, poems, etc.

☞ *The Actual average bona fide circulation of the H. M. in* 1888 *was* **158,916 Copies per month.**

HOUSEHOLD LEAVES.

A Manual of Knitting and Crocheting. Contains more practical articles than any other book. Each pattern has been tested by an expert and found to be correct.

PARTIAL CONTENTS:—Directions for making Baby's Boots, Hoods, Lady's Undervests, Baby's Sack, Quilts, Purses, Lamp Mats, Tidies, Slippers, Toboggan Cap, Infant's Shirt, Shoulder Cape, Skirts, Scrap Bag, Afghans, Lady's Under Jacket, Child's Leggins and Drawers, Gentlemen's Gloves, Mitts, Baby's Blanket, and an almost endless variety of elegant patterns of **Edgings, Insertions,** etc. **64 large pages** elegantly gotten up.

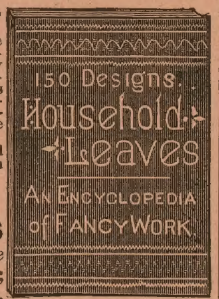
WEBSTER'S HANDY DICTIONARY.

"A Library in itself."

Webster's is the acknowledged standard of the English Language. This edition supplies the orthography, pronunciation, meaning and etymology of all English words which are likely to be encountered by the general reader or student. **It is copiously illustrated,** contains also a chapter of Foreign Words and Phrases. It is of convenient size, not so cumbersome and bulky as the "Unabridged," just right for daily use.

This Dictionary must not be confounded with the cheap Dollar Dictionaries with which the country is flooded. This is WEBSTER'S, THE STANDARD.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *



OUR GREAT OFFERS

For 25 Cts. we will send *The Household Monthly* 6 MOS.; for 50 CTS. will send it 1 YR.

☞ BUT as an EXTRA INDUCEMENT, for **$1.00** we will send *The Household Monthly* ONE YEAR, ONE COPY of *Webster's Dictionary,* ONE COPY of *Household Leaves,* and 1 YEAR'S subscription to *Sunshine for Youth,* ALL FOUR POSTPAID. ☜ **$1.00 Covers the whole Combination.**

We want you to KNOW what *The Household Monthly* is by being a subscriber, and are willing to PAY YOU to subscribe. No trashy or "Catch" Advertising admitted.

Remit by registered letter, check or P. O. money order.

W. N. SWETT & CO., 9, 11, 13, 15 Willow St., Lynn, Mass.

The actual average *bona fide* circulation of "THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY" in 1888 was 158,916 copies per month. We want 100,000 more.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

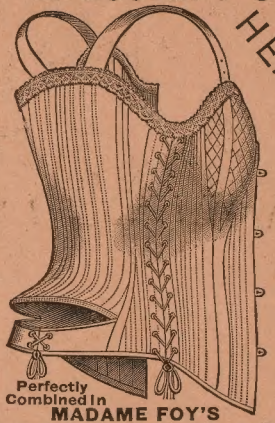
NEW AMERICAN FILE COMPANY,

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

PATENT PROCESS FILES AND RASPS.

Capacity, 1,200 Dozen per Day.

Graceful Form, HEALTH AND COMFORT



Perfectly Combined in

MADAME FOY'S

Skirt Supporting Corset

The most popular in the market. Sold by leading dealers. Price by mail $1.40 for **High or Low bust.**

FOY, HARMON & CHADWICK, New Haven, Conn.

Mind—your Ps & Qs and the three best Ps to mind are Miss

PARLOA'S KITCHEN COMPANION, 1 vol., crown, 8vo, cloth or waterproof bind'g $2.50 It is thoroughly practical; it is perfectly reliable; it is marvellously comprehensive; it is copiously illustrated; it is, in short, overflowing with good qualities, and is just the book that all housekeepers need to guide them.

PARLOA'S NEW COOK BOOK AND MARKETING GUIDE, 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $1.50. This is one of the most popular Cook Books ever printed, containing 1,724 receipts and items of instruction. The directions are clear and concise, and the chapters on marketing and kitchen furnish'g, very useful.

PARLOA'S NEW COOK BOOK. Edition, 100,000. In a lithographed paper cover, 30 cents. This marvellously cheap edition of Miss Parloa's popular book places THE AUTHORITY on all matters pertaining to good living within the reach of everyone. Over 100,000 Parloa Cook Books have been sold.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent post-paid by

ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston, Mass

PEOPLE'S POPULAR EDITION OF MISS MARIA

PARLOA'S COOK BOOK

Large Quarto, with handsome Chromo cover and containing all the receipts that appear in the expensive edition. **By mail to any address for 30 cents.** 4 copies for $1.00. Send Postal Notes or Stamps.

E. B. GOODNOW & CO., Box 1687, BOSTON.

LADIES' COMPLETE GUIDE in health & disease

Cloth, $2.00 Mor., $2.75 **TOKOLOGY** Sample pages free.

AGENTS wanted in city and country.

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., Chicago, Ill.

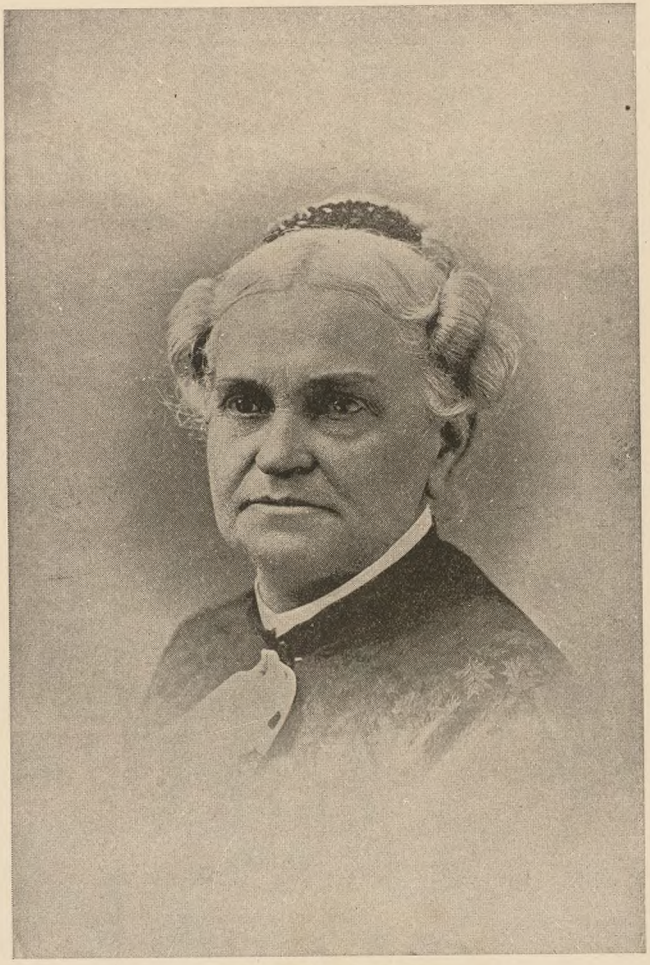
DR. A. FONTAINE'S PREPARATION

DEVELOPS A BEAUTIFUL FORM, the effect of which is permanent. Where a fine bust exists it preserves it firm and perfect in shape. A fair trial will convince you of its efficacy and elicit your sincere thanks and hearty praise. I am in daily receipt of letters expressing delight. See extracts:

"It proves highly satisfactory."
"I am delighted at the result."
"It has done wonders for me."
"It has worked like a charm."
"I am perfectly delighted with it."

Mailed secure from observation on receipt of $1. I also have elegant Face Creams, Freckle Lotion, Complexion Wafers, Wrinkle Paste, Anburnine, Depilatory, Female Pills, etc. FATTENING FORMULA makes pale and thin ladies rosy and plump. Sealed circulars, 4 cents.

MADAME FONTAINE, 19 East 14th St., N. Y.



MOTHER STEWART.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII. BRATTLEBORO, VT., FEBRUARY, 1889. No. 5.

MOTHER STEWART.

E. T. H.

THE honored woman whose serene and strong face looks out upon us from this page, has most worthily won the dignified name of "Mother." Her children are found wherever the Woman's Christian Temperance Union builds its altar in city or village, in any land beneath the sun. You would say she was a *pioneer*, that she took the axe of resolve and blazed out a way through the forests of prejudice and ignorance for white-robed reform to follow. You would say from the very kindness that beams from her face, that having made a way, she would carry the halting ones, and herself bear the weariness and the reproach, if they were to be borne. You would say she accomplished what she planned to do, and dared to do uncommon things, or things great and far-reaching in results, from the harmonious and decisive contour of her face. And when you have read her auto-biography in "Memories of the Crusade," you will say, just as we have done, "why, I saw all that in her face." Dear, honest, brave face; chiseled out by the true, heroic and loving soul, to how many hearts has it indeed brought the benediction of a mother! Let us haste to do her honor while yet the eyes can fill with joy at remembrance, and while the kindly word of a "co-worker," may be as the flowers grown from the seed of her own planting.

There is another who bears the name of "the Mother of the Crusade," she who led out the first praying band at Hillsboro, Ohio. "Mother Stewart" had won her name from the soldier boys in our pitiful war of brothers, and thousands of them now, when uniformed in the old blue, think of her with a thrill of gratitude; and thousands on the tented fields of the land beyond, look down upon her silvery head with blessings. She has stood as a soldier's aid in two wars, the second only yet on its skirmish line, and its volunteers the women who wear the badge of "For God, and Home, and Every Land."

To them she was no less a *mother*, but more, a *leader*, and more still, *the* leader. Miss Willard has called her so, and good men who knew of all her work, have called her so. And her own simply narrated life proves their judgment is true. It has come to be a familiar saying that when God has special reformatory work to be done, he trains the workers generations back. The grandfather of Mother Stewart was one of the old Revolutionary heroes, Colonel Guthery. He was one of the earliest settlers of the Northwest Territory, founding Piketon, Ohio. From her mother she inherited fearlessness and hatred of wrong, and from her father a high sense of honor. She studied by the "pine knot" and the "tallow dip," wringing out of hard necessities a good education, and early becoming a teacher. To bear an endorsement from Mrs. Stewart was enough for one of her students to ensure a county certificate.

She began her temperance work before the war, in 1858, giving her first lecture to a Band of Hope, in Pomeroy, Ohio.

The Ohio State University was located in the town where she lived—Athens; and the saloon was located there too. Her motherly heart yearned over these boys; could not something be done to save them from the saloon? She talked about it with the Professors. "Yes," they all agreed, "Mother Stewart, you are a very proper person to look after this department of public welfare. We will all sign any paper you will prepare—but get the Presbyterian minister to sign first." Nobody would "take any extreme step," so nobody signed.

Her next move was to drop a resolution into a

brother's hat at a District Meeting of the Methodists. They were quite panic stricken at the thought of handling intemperance with "ungloved hands," and eased their consciences by resolving to each preach one sermon during the year on the Temperace question. (The saloon, meanwhile preaching three hundred and sixty-five!)

In 1870, the Adair law was so amended as "to give the wife or mother of the drunkard the right to bring suit in her own name against the saloon-keeper or liquor seller, for damages for selling to husband or son." Mrs. Stewart had now moved to Springfield, and here her active Crusade work began in 1872, when she gave a carefully prepared lecture on "The Law and the Gospel," to a large audience, the first lecture given by a lady in the city. At the close she urged the ladies to encourage the drunkard's wives to prosecute the liquor sellers, and to stand by them. They responded by rising vote. But when the first case came, Mother Stewart sat alone in the company of rough men, "standing by" the drunkard's wife. She also stood *for* her. The attorney for the plaintiff, Mr. Rawlins, mentally contrasted the commanding presence of Mother Stewart, with her keen and flashing eyes, her broad brow, and whitened hair, with the cowardly defendant of the saloon, and asked her to make the opening plea to the jury. No, she could not. "Yes," he said, "you can!" There sat the poor friendless wife and two little boys, whose bread had gone to add bricks to the liquor seller's mansion, and all her mother heart rose within her, and she answered, "I will try."

When she was done, the defense forgot his speech for his client, and declared "it was infamous to bring in a *female* to influence the court and jury. She had much better have been at home attending to her legitimate duties." But the woman's speech vindicated the woman's wrong, and an appeal to the higher court did not modify the decision, though it lowered the fine. Soon after she was implored by another drunkard's wife to help, and Mr. Rawlins said, like Barak to Deborah, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go." Neither was he not brave. The woman element was needed. It was woman for the home, the first claim of sisterhood in protecting that home. "This is endless," thought Mother Stewart, "*Nothing can conquer but prayer.*" And nothing can conquer but to enlist everybody. Then the notes flew to the Christian ladies and the ministers,—would they sustain by their presence and their prayers in the court room? The ladies came and stayed; the court adjourned for tea, the ladies did not adjourn, but more ladies came. Mother Stewart's plea won the jury again.

One is impressed by the remarkable tact of this woman. She let no *time* be lost, but prepared a pledge for the ministers that they would each preach unannounced from the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" They only partially followed out her suggestion, but much arousement was the result.

A petition to the City Fathers from the women of the city, 600 names, was the next bomb-shell that stirred the town. Mrs. Stewart presented the petition, which was that the Council exercise its power and suppress the saloon. It was referred to a committee of three, *a distiller, a brewer, and a lawyer.*

Its grave was deep, but the end was gained,—the public were waking up. A mass meeting was arranged for on the night of the 2nd of December, 1873. While this preparation was going on, Mrs. Stewart was invited by a committee from Osborne, to come and arouse their women. Here the first Union or League was formed, Mrs. Stewart writing the constitution herself, and organizing the League after the meeting.

The subject of her first address, "The Law and the Gospel," indicated the tenor of her temperance work. There was a law against selling liquor on the Sabbath, and the *front* doors of the saloon were decorously closed, but by a *back* entrance, throngs of men went over the tan bark road. While inside stained windows the church people worshipped, Mother Stewart kept watch of this stream of sons and husbands going in and out of the saloon. The stained windows of the saloon told no story, only the back alley tan bark road. Suddenly what seemed to be an Irish woman, dressed in a waterproof circular and gingham sunbonnet, came up to the bar and asked if she could have a drink, finally deciding on sherry wine. The bar tender poured it out, and she laid down the price, ten cents, then picking up the glass, walked out. When she reached the alley, she looked back, and saw the seller standing in the yard, "his hands spread, a picture of amazement." It was Mother Stewart. Thus early men had reason to wonder "what the women would do next!" Her wine was sealed up for future use. Her secret was out on Monday morning before she was, and there was a rousing mass meeton Dec. 16, when she told the story of "How I bought my first glass of liquor," illustrating with the glass itself. She read the law and then the petition of the 600 women, and all had an electric and wholesome effect.

PRESERVATION MASTER AT HARVARD

A few days after this mass meeting, the papers gave account of the Crusade in Fredonia, N. Y.—"The women are marching 127 strong." Before this, Mrs. Stewart had urged the women to go to the saloon and stay with their knitting. So that the thought of woman's positive work was like a leaven springing up everywhere. And wherever the women met to pray, they organized societies and proceeded in an orderly way, even where they had no former experience.

Then on Dec. 23, the Hillsboro Crusade was as a match to the torch that lit the state and much of the entire country, and never stopped its burning until the workers were called out.

The Christian church was not vitalized by prayer. The *silence* of the praying two-thirds was met by the *apathy* of the praying one-third. But now woman had found her voice in prayer and song, and a higher altitude was reached. God did hear prayer; and men met in the churches to pray, while the women knelt before the saloon keepers and plead for their conversion.

It is a long and beautiful story, told so simply by Mother Stewart;—of Hillsboro, and Washington C. H., of Columbus, and Springfield, and Cincinnati, and of many other places. The Associated press from Pittsburgh, said one hour, "The Crusade is dead," and almost the next, the wires flashed, "A thousand women of Pittsburgh and Allegheny are on the march with Mother Stewart!" For this Deborah was in great demand, and went through Ohio from the lakes to the river, and from east to west, wherever the cry came for help. She held the children closely within her heart, and was the to first hold special meetings for them.

She gives us a very complete account of the first National W. C. T. U. Convention, the address and the plan of work, presented by the committee; said committee composed of Mother Stewart, Mrs. Zeralda Wallace, Miss Willard and others, and an interesting summing up of the "Benefits of the Crusade."

Mrs. Stewart visited the South, organizing unions in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and Kentucky.

In 1875 she met delegates from Scotland and England at the R. W. Grand Lodge of Good Templars, and was invited to come across the sea. She went and helped inaugurate the work of the British Woman's Temperance Association. In the Queen's Rooms at Glasgow, she made a "long and eloquent speech, full of anecdote, illustrations, pathos and appeal, which was greeted by applause that was almost continuous." So said the *Daily Mail* of Glasgow; and the *Liverpool Post*, in a lengthy account, said she was "evident mistress of all the expedients of public speech;" "she adroitly seasoned all her pleadings with the salt of shrewdness," and could at "five words' notice, command irrepressible tears."

We are favored with a copy of a notable presentation of appreciation to Mother Stewart while in England:

Presented to
MOTHER STEWART OF OHIO, U. S.
By a committee of ladies in London as a token of affectionate regard and admiration.

During Mother Stewart's visit to London she addressed in the space of five weeks, 39 meetings, attended by about 37,000 persons, and at the closing conference the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That this conference records its gratitude to God for the good work Mrs. Stewart has been instrumental in doing during her visit to London; and, in acknowledging its obligations to Mrs. Stewart, desires to convey to her an expression of the cordial sympathy and affection entertained for her by all who have in any way been associated with her work, and this conference prays that her life may be spared, and that she may see abundant fruit of her self-sacrificing labors in the reclamation of drunkards, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and the acceptance of Christ's Gospel to the salvation of many souls."

JOHN KEMPSTER, Chairman,
MARGARET B. LUCAS, Treasurer,
CECIL BURNS, Hon. Secretary.

In divergence a little from the sketch of this brave woman's life work, is a divergence of her own, very precious to us. She knew Richard Realf, the poet who sang:

"Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing."

He had asked her to call him "son," and it is a mother's tribute she gives him. Col. Realf was not only a poet, soldier, journalist, but a brilliant orator as well, and he threw his whole soul into the Blue Ribbon movement that followed the Crusade. He was always welcome at the home of Mrs. Stewart, and once remarked upon the souvenirs she had brought from England, his native country. "I told him I had something else that he would recognize, and brought a little primrose that I had cherished, having a solitary blossom remaining, and put it into his hand. He was almost overcome

by the sight, and with heaving bosom exclaimed, as he held it up and looked at it, 'There is a primrose from dear old England, Mother, I'll steal it.' 'No,' said I, 'my son, you shall not, I have saved it on purpose for you;' and before he started for the hall, I pinned it onto his lapel. In the course of his lecture he called the attention of the audience to the little pale flower, and at once burst into a strain of eloquence, recalling the scenes of his childhood, 'Merrie old England,' with her green fields, laughing little streams with mossy banks, hawthorn hedges with the primrose, daisy and harebells nestled under, the lark and nightingale, home, sweet home, and mother. There was scarcely an eye in that audience that did not look up at the orator through a mist of tears." His was a strangely eventful life, and a sad, lonely death. "As a mother mourns for a beloved son, so do even now my tears rain down for Richard Realf," is her whispered comfort to his memory. One does not wonder she was called "mother."

The years are crowding backward the beginning of the woman's movement for pure homes. Heads grown silvery white, speak of a time when, our leaders and "mothers" shall be promoted, and we shall miss their familiar faces in all the ways of life. We owe these veterans more than poetic tribute, more than grateful mention. They have given their lives for the common good. Now when old age comes on, they need some interest from that labor to stand between them and want. Not one of them makes personal appeal.

In the case of "Mother Stewart," it occurred to gentlemen who knew her well and honored her entirely, that a double good might be done, and so they persuaded her to write the volume that has furnished the basis of our sketch, "Memories of the Crusade;" that this important part of the history of the temperance movement might be preserved, and that by means of the sales of the book, provision could be made for her declining years. She is already beyond the three-score and ten, but so helpful still with counsel and encouragement, that we would spare her all anxious care for the needs of life. The book is a handsome and valuable one. There are several full page illustrations of Crusade scenes, where Mother Stewart is plainly discernible, and so much that is bright and serious of which we have not at all been able to hint. The price is $2.00, the publishers, Wm. G. Hubbard & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

A FEBRUARY SONG.

LEIGH HAROLD.

BLOW, south wind, softly blow!
Come to us over the fields of snow,
Come from the land where the magnolias grow,
And the mocking-bird whistles his song.
Bring us the breath of the daffodil,
Or the incense of hyacinth bells that fill
The air with faint chimes, or the scent, fainter still,
From orchards where honey bees throng.

Blow, south wind, softly blow,
What though the earth is wrapped in snow?
You come as the herald of spring, I know,
And the streamlets have answered your call;
The tiny red buds on the maples have heard,
The sleeping arbutus leaves have stirred,
In the sheltered nooks, where the lingering bird
Sang his farewell in the fall.

Blow, south wind, softly blow!
Wake in our hearts the stir and glow—
The thrill that all earth's children know,
When the daughter of Hope is near.
Scatter the clouds of doubt and care,
Waken pure visions and fancies rare—
Like Easter lilies and snow drops fair,
The prophets and priests of the year.

TOUCHING STORY OF A RING.

I ONCE filled a lecture engagement in Albion, Michigan. At the close of the lecture, I observed, standing outside the little group of acquaintances who surrounded me, a white-haired elderly woman, who approached me with the following inquiry:—

"Do you remember writing a letter for John ——, of the Twelfth Michigan, when he lay dying in the hospital, at Memphis, in the spring of 1863? After he died, you completed the letter, writing to his mother and wife; do you remember it?"

I was obliged to tell the sad-faced woman that I performed so many offices of this kind during the war, when at the front or in the hospitals, that it was hardly possible for me to recall any individual case.

Drawing from her pocket a letter that had been worn in pieces where it had been folded, and which was sown together with fine cotton, she held it up to me.

"Do you remember this letter?"

I recognized my penmanship, and, glancing over the contents of the letter, saw what it was. The first four pages I had written at the dictation of a young man who had been shot through the lungs, and was dying. The language was his, not mine, and I had not amended his phraseology. I had completed the letter after his death, by the addition of three pages, in which I sought to comfort the bereaved survivors.

"I thought John's wife and I would die when we heard he was dead," said the long-bereaved mother. "Your letter saved us. We were both comforted by it, and read and re-read it, even when we had learned it word for word by much reading. When we heard of other women similarly bereaved, we loaned them the letter, until it was worn in pieces. Then we sewed it together; and then we made copies of it, and sent to our bereaved friends, and kept it in circulation until after the war ended.

John's death was a great loss to us. He was my only child, and was born after my husband's death, a blessing and a comfort from the day he saw the light. He had been engaged to be married for three years when the war came. He felt that he ought to enlist, but Anna and I could not listen to such a proposal, and we talked it down. At last he felt it was a duty for him to enter the service, and that he must go. We all three agreed to pray over it for a week, and to announce our decisions the next Sunday morning. When we came together at the end of a week, we had all agreed that it was his duty to serve his country in the field. He enlisted in the Twelfth Michigan, under good officers, and the regiment was ordered South immediately.

Anna insisted that their marriage should take place before he left, that she might go down and nurse him if he got sick or was wounded. She accompanied him as far as Louisville, when she could go no farther, and was sent homeward. At John's request we made one family, and she was a true, loving daughter to me. For eighteen months no ill tidings were received from my son. He was always well, never was wounded, and the February before his death he came home on fourteen days' furlough. We had received only three letters from him after his return, when your letter came, announcing his death.

Anna never got over it. She worked and kept busy, went to church, and taught her class in the Sunday-school, but all the life had gone out of her. She used to be very gay, and full of frolic and fun, but she dropped down to a kind of mild sadness, and I never heard her voice ring with laughter as in the old days. She fell into delicate health, and grew thinner and feebler as the days went by. Eight years ago she had gastric fever. After the fever was subdued, she didn't rally, but failed every day, becoming whiter and weaker, until I saw she must die. I tried hard to persuade her to live, for she was all I had, and I loved her for her own sake as well as John's.

One day, when I was bathing her, her wedding ring rolled off her finger, which had wasted to the bone, and it was some time before it could be found. I proposed to put it away for safe keeping. 'No,' said Anna, 'let me wear it till I die. Roll a bit of paper on the inside to make it fit my finger. And mother, when I am gone, if you can learn where Mrs. Livermore lives, send the ring to her, and ask her to wear it for my sake and John's. Tell her it was my dying request.'

I live eight miles from here," said the worn woman. "And when I saw by the paper that you were to lecture in Albion, I drove over to see and hear you. The ring has been cleansed this afternoon by a goldsmith, so that no taint of sickness or death clings to it. So please wear it, not only for the sake of John and Anna, but for my sake, for I shall probably never meet you again."

And taking my hand, the widowed and childless mother slipped the ring on my finger, from which it has never since been taken. Bidding me "Good-bye," she seated herself in the cutter, and, gathering the reins in her hand, drove away in the moonlight, over the glittering snow, to her desolate home, eight miles away.—*Mrs. Livermore in "My Story of the War."*

* * *

He Knows.

A FRAGMENT.

NOT a sparrow falleth, but the dear Lord knows,
Every daily blessing, from his bounty flows.

Often clouds may lower, often skies grow gray,
Still, from storm and shadow, comes each perfect day.

—*Cecil Hampden Howard.*

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL.

II.

" For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Isa., 9, 6.

WILL education secure the desired end? No, and yes. *No*, if by that we mean secular education alone. It is more than Utopian to dream that our Republic can be made ideal by a race of intellectual giants, even if it were possible to accomplish this, if these are moral dwarfs.

Whoever read the speeches of the condemned anarchists, as they appeared in full in our Chicago papers, must have been convinced that these men were not lacking in mental ability, and that the knowledge they possessed was an added power for the design and consummation of their infamous schemes. The wickedness that emanates from the skilled brain and hand, is most to be dreaded.

It is what a man does with his trained faculties that decides whether, through these, he becomes a blessing or a curse to his fellow men. *Yes*, if we mean a heart as well as a head education. The cultivation of conscience, as well as the mind, the knowledge of God, and the duty we owe to him and his universe.

This kind of education involves much more than we are apt to think. There is, however, a growing apprehension of the real needs of the hour, and a corresponding conviction that we must meet them intelligently. There is less objection, on the whole, to the union of religion and politics, though we hear now and then a protest against teachers and preachers going out of their legitimate sphere, when they touch these matters, so vital to the welfare of the individual, the community, and the Nation. But it wakes only a feeble echo, and those who utter it can hardly be counted among the practical students of our great social problems.

Theory and fact are often strangely at variance. According to the ordinary interpretation of the term politics, we might well hesitate to bring it into the church, and the school, and the home. But accepting the higher and true definition—the science of government, and the latter as the conserving of the best welfare of the governed, the protection of the weak and poor and ignorant, are not these places, because of their sanctity, the very ones where such great questions should be studied, and from which shall go out a positive influence toward making human law accord with the divine law, and placing the government, indeed, upon His shoulders, whose right it is to reign, not only in the courts of Heaven, but among the sons of men?

A cultured Christian lady said to me not long ago, " I used to care nothing for political matters. They seemed quite removed from the things which concerned me as a woman and a Christian, but the stern logic of facts, to which my attention has been called of late years, has quite reversed my judgment, and now they seem so interspersed with what I hold most dear and sacred, I wonder that any one who really loves God and humanity, can fail to be intensely and actively interested in these things which have so much to do with government, and law, and the general good." This woman is only one of many, who, through the same means, have received " an arrest of thought " upon this subject.

Carlyle says, " We cherish many a fine theory, not a shred of which will hold together in the weather and wind of fact." At large cost we are learning how " the fine theory " that God's church is set apart from having a hand in the practical affairs of human life, has wrought infinite mischief. The foes of Christ are quite willing, nay more, often times are ludicrously zealous in their support of this view of the case. After a certain election in Chicago, the victorious candidate for mayor was reported to have said: " The ministers had better attend to their preaching, we bummers can run the government of the city."

Let us consider a few of the things in the realm of morals, which are controlled, either directly or indirectly, by political influence. In that same city —nor do I apprehend that Chicago differs very much from any city of similar make-up, I cite that because of a larger personal knowledge of its affairs —it says, " The Bible shall not be read in the public schools," and it is not read, though parents, and teachers, implore and protest. Nor is this true of Chicago alone. It says there, and in many other places, " The rum power shall rule," and it does rule with all its nameless horrors. It says " One day is as good as another, the puritan Sabbath must go," and to multitudes it has gone, and infidel lectures, bold, blasphemous and shallow, noisy processions, drunk-

en revelries, and socialistic plots, wherein are involved deepest depths of infamy, fill the hours that should be quiet and restful and holy, that should bring the soul face to face with God, and the eternal destiny upon which it is so soon to enter.

Surely Gladstone's definition of a *good* government, to make it as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right, will not be realized until Christian men and women feel a personal responsibility in all matters that concern the welfare of the people at large.

Not unfrequently it is stated as a reason for the existing condition of things, that the masses who cast so large a proportion of the votes, cannot be reached and influenced. Among other facts that refute this statement, is that of a recent vote in Boston on the license question. There was a gain of five thousand against license in a single year, and this increase was generally conceded to be the result of special effort.

Curiously enough we hear from those who have so long used the most unworthy means to maintain the supremacy of the liquor traffic, weak complaining of "intimidation by the women." These latter had no power save their own womanliness, and their gentle pleading for the protection of the home, their little children, and the poor victim of the drink habit. And what was true in Boston, was measurably true throughout the State, in various cities and towns.

As I listened to the reports of the Boston Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as its members repeated their experiences at the polls, in the first meeting after the election, it seemed to me that the old crusade fire had touched these women, and with a divine flame of mighty power, had burned away the barriers of prejudice and fear, and thought of self and personal taste, and established custom. Being myself one with them by nature and natural trend and early education, I could quite understand how much the effort cost. And yet the testimony of each was to an individual blessing in the very performance of the difficult task. Again was wonderfully verified the words of the Master, "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

Sometimes it is given as an excuse for lack of home missionary effort, that the poor and ignorant classes do not care for the gospel, and are unresponsive to sympathy and help toward a higher and better life. They do indeed have much to render them thus from inheritance, but in the main this assertion is not supported by sufficient proof to warrant any neglect of effort to win them to right ways of living. Often times the one who says this, is simply passing judgment upon his own ability to attain the desired results. Nor does such judgment militate against the abounding evidence that those who have so long been neglected gladly welcome the service which carries with it the spirit of the loving Christ. Without this the most elaborate effort will fail utterly, and meet only rejection and scorn. Those whose lives have been full of hard and bitter conflict with misfortune and want, acquire a peculiar sharpness of judging motives and intents of action. Sometimes unconsciously our efforts savor of the spirit which fashioned the prayer of a little girl who had been attending a summer meeting, and had heard the talk about prayer without catching its true meaning. When she came home she found her little playmate, Ella Day, had a large number of new playthings. One night after visiting with her, she supplemented her usual petition with this request: "Oh, Lord, bless Ella Day, and make her a good little girl, so that I can take all her new playthings away from her, and she won't want them back again."

The Master's life was one of utmost self denial, and those who do his work, hoping for success, must be like-minded.

The night deepens, but the dawning of a better day draws on apace, and will surely flood this dark earth of ours with its clear shining.

> "For in the long days of God,
> In the long paths untrod,
> The world will yet be led,
> Its heart be comforted.
>
> Others shall sing the song,
> Others shall right the wrong,
> Finish what we begin,
> And all we fail of, win.
>
> Ring bells, in unreared steeples,
> The joy of unborn peoples!
> Sound trumpets, far off blown,
> Your triumph is our own."

The true poet and patriot looks beyond the overhanging clouds, however dark and threatening, and knows the blue is there because God is King. We who have so long ranked Tennyson among this royal number, wish some of the dreary passages in "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After," had not been written. There can hardly be anything more pathetic than for a great mind to leave behind the hope and fire and confidence of youth, and lose all

the higher and diviner vision, which the wisdom and faith of the years ought to bring.

What a contrast between the bounding, eager enthusiasm of "Locksley Hall,"

"Forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change,"

and "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After,"

"Forward! rang the voices then, and of the many, mine was one;
Let us hush this cry of forward, till ten thousand years have gone."

. . . . . .

"Forward, forward,—aye, and backward, downward, too, into the abysm."

. . . . . .

And the final question rings out with a hopeless plaint:

"Shall we find a changeless May after madness—after Jacobinism and Jacquerie?
Some diviner force to guide through the days I shall not see."

With all the vigor and poetic fascination, never wanting in Tennyson's verse, there comes a sense of depression and pain with the reading of the poem.

It was like turning from the murky lowland of some malarial region, to the bright, breezy mountain tops, where the air is pure and electrical, to read Mr. Gladstone's reply to the poet-laureate, in "The Nineteenth Century." Not a bit of a pessimist is this white haired old man, though the fierce conflicts of the later years have dealt hardly with him. He has stood grandly in the thick of the fight. Nor does he mind the losing battle for himself, or pause to count any defeat, because he has faith in God and hope for humanity, and through active service has kept himself *en rapport* with the changing condition of things, and the onward, upward struggles of the world.

SOME FEMALE COSTUMES FROM THE NOVELISTS.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE fair sex owes something to the great masters of fiction, even admitting that the feminine character has not always been justly delineated in their pages. If all history was lost, if all the great paintings and all the precise records of the "Les Costumes Historique" were suddenly obliterated, we should still have left a very good idea of the female toilet of the past, in the great works of the novelists. Every age has been depicted, and though the writers differ in their way of describing woman's dress, each one says enough to give a definite knowledge of the variations and diversities of female fashion since the flood.

Aside from the historic and antiquarian features, so to speak, these descriptions possess an esthetic value that is important and interesting. It is something to know of course, whether Aspasia really loved Pericles, or whether she regarded him simply as a most proper person to inveigle into her net; but the woman comes nearer to us, appeals more strongly to the modern imagination, when we see how she dressed—her coiffure, her garments, and the jewels that she wore. We know and read people by their clothes; so those Persian and Astecan queens, Egyptian and Punic princesses, and the grand dames of medieval times, show us something of their character and habits by the manner of their dress. Without these bits of toilet descriptions, they would be marble statues or cold idealizations, but with the rustle and glitter of their display, they start at once into life, and stretch out warm, clinging hands to us from their distant centuries, and we recognize them as sisters of the race.

George Ebers has described the dress of the ancient Egyptian women in his romance of "Narda, and the "Daughter of an Egyptian King." We have no longer any need of relying on the crude, conventional drawings on the temples and gateways, or even the mouldy garments of a mummy, for as the princess Bent-Anat takes her morning walk down the Street of the Pyramids on that long ago morning, we can see how a daughter of the Pharaohs dressed in that distant time.

"Over her brown, waving hair, which she inherited from Semitic ancestors, she wore a blue and white striped silk kerchief; its carefully plaited folds were held in place by a gold ring, from which in front a horned uraeus raised its head, crowned with a disk of rubies. From her left temple, a large tress, plaited with gold thread, hung down to her waist, the sign of her royal birth. She wore a purple dress, of fine, almost transparent stuff, that

was confined with a gold belt and straps. Round her throat was fastened a necklace like a collar, made of pearls and costly stones, and hanging low down on her well formed bosom."

As a pretty complement to this picture, we have another in "The Daughter of an Egyptian King," when Nitetis sits with her sister Tachat at the feast of Amasis. The princely maiden is appareled in a transparent pink robe, cut so as to leave the right bosom uncovered; her hair is worn low upon her temples, with roses and lotus flowers wreathed in the dark tresses. In her hand, covered with rings, she carried a fan of many colored feathers, and on her wrists and ankles, she wore both gold and silver bracelets.

There is an oriental richness, a Semitic sumptuousness in the description of the princess Nehusta's dress, in F. Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster." It is a painting Raphaelesque in its splendor, but whose details show the art of Meissonier. Fair and stately as a rose of Sharon, as a lily of the valley, is the noble heroine, and her costume has the real opulence of Eastern royalty.

"The dry, warm air of the summer's evening had no chill in it, and though a fine woven mantle of purple from Srinagen hung loosely from her shoulders, she needed not to draw it about her. The delicate folds of her upper tunic fell closely around her to her knees, and were gathered at the waist by a magnificent belt of wrought gold and pearls; the long sleeves, drawn in at the wrist by clasps of pearls, almost covered her slender hands; and as she walked her delicate feet moved daintily in rich, embroidered sandals, with high golden heels, below the folds of the wide trousers of white and gold embroidery, gathered in at the ankle. Upon her head, the stiff linen tiara of spotless white, sat proudly as a royal crown, the folds of it held by a single pearl of price, and from beneath it her magnificent hair rolled down below her waist in dark, smooth waves."

Does not the picture summon up all those articles of the female toilet that Isaiah enumerates in his solemn prophecy—the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and the wimples, the fine linen, the hoods and the vails—all those fashionable vanities, with which the daughters of Zion delighted to adorn themselves? So might Rebekah have looked as the setting sun shone over the palm trees, the groups of camels, and the bearded, sinewy, handsome desertmen at the well of Padan Aram; or Michal, Saul's daughter, as she welcomed back her hero, the princely son of Jesse, with the two hundred Philistine's heads, in the palace of her father.

In Flaubert's "Salammbo" we have two or three graphic descriptions of the dress of the Punic maidens. The picture of the noble heroine at the triumph of Hamilcar, is a gem; almost we can see the flash of that splendid robe, and the nodding of the peacock's plumes: "From her ankles to her hips she was enveloped in a network of tiny links, imitating the scales of a fish, and lustrous as polished mother-of-pearl. A blue zone compressed her waist, allowing her breasts to be seen through two crescent-shaped slashes, when carbuncle pendants hid their points. Her coiffure was made of peacock's plumage, stared with jewels; a wide, ample mantle, white as snow, fell behind her, and circlets of diamonds were clasped high on her bare arms."

Robert Hammerling, in his "Asphasia," brings us face to face with the most beautiful woman of Hellas, and we see the lovely form draped in that classic costume familiar to us from the sculptures of Phidias and Cleomenes. As she stands among the roses and laurels in Hipponicus' garden, we will look at her:

"Her soft robe of yellow byssus fell in clinging folds from the slender rounded hips to the ankles; the upper portion of the garment being fastened at the shoulders with delicately wrought clasps, its superfluous length hanging like a sort of upper robe, in graceful drapery below her waist. The sleeveless costume left the beautifully round arms uncovered, and did not wholly conceal the outlines of the delicate, yet perfectly developed bust. It was the chiton usually worn by Greek women, but ample and richly ornamented, like those seen among the Ionians and Lydians of the Attic coast. The color of the garment was bright yellow, the border adorned with beautiful embroidery. The reddish brown hair floated in waving curls over her shoulders, its luxuriant mass confined by a purple fillet, ornamented, at the point where it rested on the brow, with a metal disk."

A glance into the dressing-room of a Pompeian beauty is given us by Bulwer Lytton, in his "Last Days of Pompeii." Eighteen hundred years is not so long a time when we can do that so easily, but how would the belles of to-day look in the light and airy costume worn by the fair Julia? Yet this dress, with slight alterations, was the fashionable attire of Roman ladies during nearly a thousand years.

"Her tunic, of a deep amber, which well set off

her dark hair and somewhat embrowned complexion, swept in ample folds to her feet, which were cased in slippers, fastened around the slender ankle by white thongs; while a profusion of pearls were embroidered in the slipper itself, which was of purple, and turned slightly upward, as do the Turkish slippers at this day. A girdle of purple ribbon, very broad and richly wrought with threads of gold and clasped by interlacing serpents, cinctured her waist. On her left shoulder, holding her tunic in place, was a buckle set with an exquisite cameo of Psyche, and on her naked arms were massive bracelets of gold."

From classic to Anglo Saxon times, female dress changed in a greater degree than it has in any period since. The Saxon *gunna*, harbinger of the modern gown, displaced the chiton and the tunic. The fabrics were heavier, and the body was completely covered, sandals gave place to shoes. Lady Rowena, as she comes before us in the pages of "Ivanhoe," something like the norse maiden in Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour," traversing her father's hall where shields and deer horns hung upon the wall, wears " an undergown and kirtle of pale, sea green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, reaching to the ground, and with very wide sleeves, that covered the arms to the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom, after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders."

Perhaps the best type of female costume of the fourteenth century is that of Queen Isabel, as she entered Paris on her coronation day, as described by Dumas *le pere*, in his historic romance of " Isabel of Bavaria." That was the age of heavy satins and gold cloths, of elaborate embroideries and costly trimmings, and Isabel was clad in a tight kirtle, particolored, of blue velvet, with tight sleeves, and embroidered all over with fanciful devices; her cotehardie, or spencer-like vest, was of crimson satin, bordered with ermine. On her head the queen wore one of those enormously lofty caps, denominated a *henin*, which had long lappets round the face, and was covered by a veil."

Victor Hugo, in that powerful, tragic, fateful story of the middle ages, " Notre Dame," describes no particular dress in detail, but he presents a beautiful picture, of wonderful grace and coloring, in that scene on the stone balcony of the rich, exotic house in the Rue du Parvis, where that group of handsome girls were laughing and chattering, and working tapestry. He just glances at their costume in a general way, leaving an impression as delicate as a water color.

" By the length of the veil which fell from the top of their pointed coif, all scrolled with pearls, down to their heels—by the fineness of the worked chemisette which covered their shoulders, revealing, according to the engaging fashion of that time, the swell of their fair virgin bosoms—by the richness of their under petticoats, yet more costly than the upper skirt (admirable refinement), by the gauze, the silk, the velvet, with which the whole was loaded —and above all, by the whiteness of their hands, it was easy to discern that they were noble and wealthy heiresses."

The dress of Margaret Brandt, Charles Reade's heroine of the " Cloister and the Hearth," who was a contemporary of the gypsy dancing girl, Esmeralda, wore, when she first met Gerard at the Duke's birthday feast, " a dress of plain russet cloth, yet snow white lawn covered that part of her neck the gown left visible, and ended half way up her white throat in a little band of golden embroidery. And her head-dress was new to Gerard; instead of hiding her hair in a pile of linen or lawn, she wore an open network of silver spangles at the interstices; in this her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into solid waves, and supported behind a luxuriant and shapely mass."

The description of Queen Magdalen's dress, in Captain Grant's " Jane Seton," shows us how a noble lady dressed in the time of Henry VIII. "Her fair brown hair, of which she had a great profusion, was most becomingly arranged in plaits and curls; her small velvet cap, squared at the temples, and falling straight down each cheek, was blue, lined with white satin, edged with little pearls; her skirt was all of frosted cloth of gold, with a body of violet-colored satin, embroidered also with gold, slashed at the breast and shoulders with white silk, and having hanging sleeves of the richest lace, lined with latticed ribbons; her gloves were highly perfumed, and around her neck was a string of large, snow-white pearls."

Scott's " Kenilworth " gives us two illustrations of the female costume of Queen Elizabeth's age. It seems an act of supererogation to attempt to describe the personal dress of " Good Queen Bess." Her great ruff rises up indignantly at the bare idea of being unknown or forgotten. Her jeweled stom-

acher is piqued to the extreme, and her portentious petticoats stand out in tenfold importance at the slight insinuated against their virgin mistress, who lived but for conquest and display, and thought infinitely less of sending a sister queen to the block, than of failing to make an impression upon a gentleman usher. But with all due respect to her ruff, and devotion to her farthingale in particular, it is due to accuracy to know that the best known portraits of Elizabeth are those executed towards the close of her reign, and which belong as much to the seventeenth as to the sixteenth century.

Scott, who seldom commits an anachronism, very truthfully represents Amy Robsart without any farthingale, the upper dress being a sort of coat of black velvet and ermine, fastened only at the breast, and flying open below, disclosing the waistcoat and kirtle or petticoat, of white silk, or silver embroidered with black. She wears a ruff, it is true, but not the famous one to which Queen Elizabeth owes half her reputation. Her neck is also encircled by a gauze handkerchief or scarf, knotted under the chin. The upper dress or jerkin, was made with wings or welts on the shoulder points. Her hair was curiously curled, frizzed and crisped, laid out in wreaths and braids from ear to ear, and, lest it should fall, it was under propped with wires, and ornamented with silver bands.

If one wants to know just how a belle of the last century looked, she has only to turn to Mrs. Stowe's "The Minister's Wooing," and see pretty Mary Scudder standing before her glass on the evening of the ball, dressed in a long-waisted gown, flowered with rose-buds and violets, opening in front to display a white satin skirt, trimmed with lace and flowers, her little feet put into high heeled shoes, and a little jaunty cap with a wreath of rosebuds, fastened over shining hair. The costume is a graceful one, and sets off the lovely little Puritan to a degree that wins even praise from the solemn old doctor, who, looking at the trim figure aud blushing face, murmurs to himself musingly, "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is all of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework."

SORROW'S ANTIDOTE.

FREDERICK SAUNDERS.

WHERE may hearts, when sorrow-riven,
Make their appeal, but unto Heaven,
To Him, who gave, and takes away
Who bids us, in submission, pray?
Trusting His gracious word, who said,
"I'm the Resurrection of the dead!
And whoso loves and trusts in Me,
The blissful life beyond shall see!"
Great words of solace and relief,
To soothe and calm our stormy grief,
Our night of gloom to turn to day,
And take the sting of death away!
Thus then, in patience may weprove
The God who reigns, is God of Love!

THE MALADVENTURES OF A BRIDEGROOM.

FOR weeks after the great Wentworth-Warne wedding, the question of the bride's attire on that occasion, remained in dispute.

Did she wear an elegant Worth bridal dress of white embroidered satin, adorned with costly lace, and with a train three yards in length; or was it only a myrtle green silk walking suit?

Miss Peebles, and those who received their information from her, knew what they were talking about; for, though she had not been present at the wedding, she had, by favor of Katherine Warne's dressmaker, been permitted to behold the marvelous robe. She could testify to the extraordinary richness of the fabric, the rare beauty of the embroidery, the exquisite fineness of the lace. She even knew the cost of it, which was immense.

Miss Peebles' cousin who *was* there, said positively that the bride wore a walking suit of myrtle green *satin de Lyon*, trimmed with plush of a darker shade. Though the crowd at the wedding was great, she had managed to get near enough to see how it was made, and unless she was color-blind,

which she was not, there was nothing white about Katherine Warne, but her laces and her pearls.

Au contrairie, Miss Purvis, though she did not assist at the marriage ceremony, was present at a reception given to the newly married pair two evenings later by Mrs. Arthur Warne, where she saw with her own eyes the bridal costume, and she could say that so superb a dress had never before appeared in Warneville.

Inasmuch as the dispute had given occasion for much acrimony of feeling, Miss Peebles' cousin refusing to speak to her, and several other parties no longer on speaking terms on account of it, it seems not amiss that a person competent to reveal the true inwardness of the affair, should come forward and plant the olive, where only stinging nettles have prevailed.

Katherine Warne, being an only daughter, and expecting to be married but once, determined that the one wedding in the house should be of no ordinary splendor.

Mr. Simon Wentworth received such intimations of the elegance of the dress and *trousseau*, as suggested the propriety of providing for himself an outfit in accordance with the magnificence of the bride.

He placed himself in the hands of New York artists of renown, and for some weeks before the date of the wedding the results of their skillful handiwork had been lying folded, ready to be transferred to Mr. Wentworth's traveling trunk.

It was Katherine who named the time for the auspicious event, the twenty-fifth of December. As it had been her birthday she wished also that her marriage should be celebrated on that festive day.

As Christmas time approached, Mr. Wentworth was naturally much occupied with plans and anticipations. The young student from the outer office, coming unexpectedly into the sanctum, somewhat surprised "the Squire," leaning back in his chair, his pen lying idly on the table, his face lighted by a happy smile, quite foreign to the crabbed intricacies and complications of a chauncery suit.

Indeed, Mr. Wentworth had already matured his plans. The season seemed propitious for an occasion so joyous. Though he could not anticipate the soft, delightful days of rosy, philandering June, he need not fear the eccentric freaks of roystering and obstreperous March. There was every reason to look for clear, bright skies, and moderate, but invigorating cold.

It was his rule and practice to be beforehand in all things. He would arrange his business so that he could leave it without anxiety, and have everything in readiness before the twenty-fourth.

On the evening of that day he would take the stage for Thessaly Station in time for the nine o'clock Wagner car. He always slept well in the train, and would arrive in good condition at Warneville by four o'clock the next day. Katherine had desired that he would come directly to Warne place, which was two miles from the village. But having abundant time, he would stop first at the the hotel, and after a comfortable dinner, drive out quite leisurely to the home of the Warnes, where he expected to have a short interview with Katherine before it would be time to dress for the evening.

This was the day-dream. Behold the reality.

All day long on the twenty-fourth, a storm of extraordinary severity prevailed. The weather was cold, the roads obstructed by deep snow, and more falling. The streets of Thessaly were almost impassable, and the low valley between the village and the station piled with formidable drifts.

Mr. Wentworth felt some misgivings, as, wrapped in his fur-lined traveling rug, he stowed himself in the stage that conveyed passengers to the Central Road. Another traveler was already in it, of whom, however, being entirely absorbed in his own affairs, he took little notice.

With many a lurch and bump bouncing into "thank you, ma'ams," and struggling through drifts that threatened to bury the horses, the ancient vehicle at last reached Thessaly Station.

The train was not in, and by telegram they learned that it was two hours behind time. The stage driver, anxious to return to shelter with his horses, would not wait for it, and hastily giving his two passengers their baggage checks, he hurried off as fast as possible.

The waiting-room was dreariness itself. The worst enemy of man could not easily have devised a more cheerless place for passing away two hours. Mr. Wentworth perused for the twentieth time the pictorial advertisement of the October county fair, the time-tables and maps of routes that embellished the dingy walls.

He walked out upon the platform to look after the safety of his precious *impedimenta*, and lifting the oil-cloth that protected the baggage from the storm, viewed with satisfaction the portly and comfortable proportions of his trunk in its snugly fit-

ting overcoat of canvas. Only one other occupied the truck, a little hair covered remnant of antiquity, tied with a rope, and with the initials "P. P." in brass nails upon the lid; no doubt belonging to the old man sitting by the stove within.

The ticket agent had taken himself off. The old man was trying to talk to the sleepy baggage man. Mr. Wentworth could have no possible interest in him, but having nothing else to do, listened carelessly to his babble.

It was difficult to tell whether he was a young old man, or an old young one. His face was brown and ruddy like the russet apple, his hair white, blue eyes full of simple good nature. His clothes were of a butternut brown, made in most primitive fashion, and his talk a curious mingling of shrewdness and simplicity.

"If I had a knowed what kind o' weather they have down here," he was saying, "I'd a stayed to hum. I've got a good farm out to Missouri, and everything comfortable, but I had a little biz'ness down here to Thessaly where I used to live, and seein' as I was East so fur, I thought I'd jest go down to the old place in Massachusetts where I was raised, and see my brother. He's older'n me, an' not so healthy. If I don't go now I never shall, r'a'ly the weather is so bad that I'm a'most sorry that I sot out to go any further."

By this time the baggage man was asleep and the conversation subsided.

Three tedious hours went by and at last was heard the welcome shriek that announced the coming of the train that should have arrived at nine o'clock.

Mr. Wentworth settled himself in the Wagner car as comfortably as circumstances would admit, and composed himself to rest, undisturbed by the groans and creaking of the cars, or the frequent delays to the engine; so great was his faith in the overcoming power of steam.

All night the battle raged between the Steam Fiend and the Storm King. At daylight the engine had panted its last, its fires were extinguished; the train lay solidly blocked and hopelessly snowbound in a gully of the Berkshire hills. There was nothing to be done but wait till help and deliverance could come.

A situation, indeed, for a man, who, at eight o'clock in the evening should be a central figure in a brilliant spectacle some hundred miles away! Cold, hungry and miserable, it was truly no enviable condition.

But patience, patience wins the crown. At ten o'clock help came; a snow-plow and two engines; once more the train moved, and crept along through the world of snow.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when it reached Warneville, the hour appointed for the marriage ceremony, and the bridegroom was two miles away.

Giving his baggage check to an expressman with orders to bring his trunk with all speed, he entered the carriage that had been sent for him by the Warnes.

Warne house was lighted from base to turret, and already the wedding guests were gathered when Mr. Wentworth arrived.

One moment he stopped on the way, for a brief glimpse of the beautiful bride in her magnificent attire, and hastened on to his room to make his own hasty preparations.

Meantime the trunk had been brought in. Horror of horrors! It was not his own; it was the despicable little hair-covered box of the old man, that had occupied the truck with his at Thessaly Station.

The wondering servant had loosened the rope, its only fastening, and laid it open.

A hasty glance showed two brown shirts with white cotton fronts, two sharp pointed collars, and an ancient black silk stock for the neck.

The case was hopeless. It could not be worse, but Mr. Wentworth had no time for despair. Something must be done, and at once. He sent the servant to ask a moment's interview with Katharine.

Then it was that the dear girl showed the heroic material of her noble nature.

"Don't let it trouble you," she said in answer to his desperate inquiry, "What shall I do?"

"Your traveling suit is nice. Just have it brushed a little and come down; all will be right."

"But I shall be a dun bird beside your glorious plumage, dear Katharine, and I fear shall do small credit to your choice."

"Never mind, only hurry and come down, for everybody is waiting, and wondering what is the matter."

A few minutes for washing and brushing, and the bridegroom presented himself at Katharine's door. She came out quietly, and took his arm. The little bridesmaids with their baskets of flowers preceded them; and in a moment they were standing beneath the marriage bell.

The ceremony over, and Mr. Wentworth had time to observe the change in Katharine's attire. She had laid aside the magnificent bridal robe and veil, and substituted a dress of myrtle green, with tea roses in her hair, that her appearance might be more suited to that of the groom; a piece of self-denial that ought for any reasonable person to be convincing proof of genuine affection.

People who came to the wedding expecting to see something of unheard of splendor in the bridal costume, wondered if that was all.

Certainly, Miss Warne looked lovely, but her dress was only a dark silk, more suitable for walking or traveling than for a wedding where everything else seemed to have been provided regardless of cost. Mr. Wentworth, however, had no cause to complain, for he was married in a business suit.

Next day, through inquiry, brought to light the important trunk. It had lain all night in the baggage-room at Warneville Station.

In his haste the stage driver at Thessaly had exchanged the checks of his two passengers. The mistake was discovered when the old man, Peter Potter, who had also stopped at Warneville, presented the duplicate of that on Mr. Wentworth's trunk. Seeing that something was wrong, he had declined to take it away.

He was found at his brother's, and willingly made the exchange that restored to him his own hairy heir-loom, of which he might say, "poor thing, but my own;" and gave to Mr. Wentworth the garments, for lack of which he had suffered such disappointment.

The unpropitious weather continued, and the newly married pair concluded to keep their Christmas holidays at Warneville, instead of proceeding to Washington, as they had intended.

Two days later Mrs. Arthur Warne gave them a reception, on which occasion the superb Worth bridal dress did not extinguish the faultless wedding suit of the bridegroom, and the select few who were honored with cards of invitation, had an opportunity of beholding the wonderful, unique and overpowering white costume, about which so much had been said.

. . . . . .

And this is the true history and mystery of the Wentworth–Warne wedding.—*Sophia Worthington.*

MARGHERITA MIA.

VESTA DOWLER.

RICH and rare, Mia Margherita,
In the fair, far South,
Where the olive grows.
Like Aurora's light my memory glows.
Here, by the shore of a Northern sea,
Only dreams of thee,
Only dreams are left to me,
Margherita Mia.

Italia's nights, Margherita Mia,
With the dip of oars,
In the blue of the bay;
When your song and smile like the beams of day,
Drove destiny's shadows deep in the sea
These dreams of thee,
These dreams are left to me,
Margherita Mia.

Fair and fond, Mia Margherita,
With the shades of night,
In the waves of hair.
Ah, dream of life, beyond compare!
A world might sigh for the love of thee.
Nevermore to see,
While life and heart are left to me,
Margherita Mia.

THE POTSDAM GIANTS.

S. ALICE RANLETTE.

IN the early part of the eighteenth century, King Frederick William I, decided the strength of Prussia must lie in the sword, and, with true Hohnezollern energy, he set himself about raising his army to a condition approaching his high ideal of perfection.

The best-drilled regiment was the Potsdam Grenadier Guard, which had been placed in Frederick William's charge while he was still crown-prince.

The King's zeal in behalf of this regiment grew into a whimsical plan for making it into a Giant regiment, such as the world had never seen. Then

began a wonderful system of recruitment, and Prussian recruiting-officers prowled through all lands, hunting tall men, and inveigling, kidnapping or purchasing such specimens as they found. No deceitful practice and no expense hindered these officers, who brought joy to the King with each new giant.

James Kirkman, an Irish soldier of good height, cost 1200 pounds before he was brought to hand. Show-giants were removed, with or without their consent, from the booths at fairs and markets, and made to serve; sometimes, broken by years of service, they were discharged, and again turned an honest penny by appearing as the "German Giant." Germany, Holland, Switzerland and the Netherlands were vigorously hunted for this new game, and now and then an English soldier was enticed.

The King's friends could offer no more acceptable present than a giant; and a truly princely gift came from Czar Peter, after his visit in Berlin; a hundred and fifty astonishing human figures, from seven to eight feet high, came from Russia, in the autumn of A. D., 1717, to enrich the Potsdam Life Guards; nor did Czar Peter stop here, for, every autumn, so long at Frederick lived, there came from Russia a hundred of the tallest mortals living.

The zeal of the recruiting officer is oddly illustrated in the adventure which befell the Austrian Ambassdor. Herr Bentenrieder, as Emperor's message bearer, was on his road to George I, when, near Halberstadt, his carriage broke; while it was being mended, the tall Ambassador sauntered through the town, and was presently accosted by an officer, with the not too reverent question, "Who are you?" "Message-bearer from his Imperial Majesty, and who are you who ask?" "To the guard-house!" was the only reply; and Herr Bentenrieder, being tall and handsome, was marched along until his suit came up and hailed him as "Excellenz!"

Another giant-recruit, selected for the Guard, had no such happy rescue, a tall young carpenter, who lived in Jülich. Into his shop there came one day a well-dressed gentleman, called Baron von Hompesch, who ordered made, for household purposes, a stout chest, with lock; it must be six feet, six inches long. Price and time were settled, and on the appointed day came Hompesch. "The chest is too short," said he. "Nay," said the carpenter, taking out his foot-rule, "I am sure it has the required length, it is longer than I am," and, to end the controversy, he jumped into the chest. No sooner was he in than Hompesch, a recruiting-officer in disguise, slammed down the lid and whistled for three stout fellows, who picked up the chest and carried it to a safe place; but, when it was opened—horrible to relate! the poor carpenter was dead, choked for want of air; and Hompesch got imprisoned for life for his share in the business.

By other officers were carried off burgomasters of small towns, and in one case a rich merchant of Maydeburg, whom it cost a large sum to get free again.

So by fair means and foul, this regiment of Grenadier Guards was made up, three battalions,—800 to a battalion,—2400 sons of Anak, a mass of shining giants, with mathematical precision, engaged in military manœuverings.

Over these files of giants, in the year 1726, was placed as Major, the little Crown-Prince, Frederick, afterward the Great; the tiny major was not yet fifteen years old, but he had had good experience in his company of Crown-Prince Cadets, which had been formed years before, from the sons of noble families, and had served as an excellent military school; and we are told that young Fritz did faithfully his soldier-duty in the Potsdam Guards, and, to-day, the chief glory of the once famous regiment lies in its connection with him, the very smallest figure in its giant ranks.

GRACE WINSLOW'S GIRLHOOD.

SARAH E. PERKINS.

XVIII.

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

DR. HOWE and the two young ladies went to the Franconian Notch in the White Mountains. The sultry days of August came, and the cities had poured out their crowds of people, and the hotels of the mountains were filled to overflowing. Our friends took rooms at the Profile house, and lived in the open air. Every pleasant day the guests noticed a sad, pale young man, acting as escort to two quiet, beautiful young ladies. Susie and Ella were

richly but plainly dressed, and attracted attention from the simple fact that they kept apart from the fashionable throng around them. Many conjectures were afloat as to who they might be;—some wise ones asserted that they were persons of rank from abroad, who were traveling *incognito*, the better to understand our American habits and institutions. Others protested that they were literary persons from Boston, and were getting materials for new books; others that they were artists, and had come to the mountains to sketch, and had no time to bestow upon the people around them.

Alas! how little they understood the wounded spirit of Dr. Howe, or appreciated the wild delight of the young girls, as they gazed upon those lofty peaks, and listened to the lessons that they taught. Day after day they spent in the open air, amid the glorious scenery of the place, and those lofty peaks, with their heads sometimes veiled in fleecy clouds, had a lesson of wisdom for them all. When the "Old Man of the Mountains" threw off his cloudy covering, he talked to them face to face, and his instructions were long remembered.

To Dr. Howe this profile said, "Thou art but an atom in the immensity of the universe, and why bringest thou here thy sorrow, or why make a parade of private grief. If thou wilt not take upon thyself the cross of the Christian with the Master to help thee to bear it, then thou must alone bear the heavier burdens that fall to thy lot. No mortal is exempt from sorrow. Learn that wealth will not win thee love, but true worth alone can gain it for thee. Arouse, then, to higher aims, and live a life at peace with nature, and with nature's God, and make thy life a blessing to all around thee."

Would the proud doctor heed the lesson of the mountains?

To meek Susie Crawford, who loved God supremely, and her neighbor as herself, the mountain peak had another lesson. It told her of the love of the all-wise Father for all the creatures that he had made—of the eternal duration of goodness, and the unchangeableness of His word. The scripture came to mind, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth, or the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

His word was more firm than the everlasting hills, and he had declared that he would hear his children when they cried unto him. As long as her life should last she would cry unto him for spiritual blessings upon her friends, and she was very sure that His word would never fail.

To Ella, who was full of zeal for the service of Christ—whose thoughts were of the poor benighted ones, "O'er the ocean wave," the lessons of the mountains only increased her desire to labor for the benighted. Indeed, she was now only waiting for a little rest, and the consent of her brother; these attained, she would leave her friends and native land, to tell the simple story of the cross to those who had never heard it. The holy communion with nature that she was now enjoying, made her more anxious to go. She felt that she could do a good work as a teacher of children, poor untaught children, and could lead them to him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." She thought of this work by day, and dreamed of it at night, until it seemed like a call that she could not resist, and like the apostle she could say, "Woe is me, if I go not to my appointed work." But she dreaded to speak to her brother about it, as she was aware that he would oppose it with all his might. Each day she resolved to talk with him, but the hours would glide away, and she had not broached the subject.

One day they went out early and spent the entire morning in climbing one of the mountain peaks. They had brought their dinner, and partook of it in the most primitive manner, and whiled away the afternoon in watching the sunbeams and shadows play hide-and-seek in the nooks and valleys beneath them, and in enjoying the cooler air that fanned their brows in that higher region. They tarried to watch the changing glory of the sunset, and at this time Ella talked with her brother of the subject that lay so near to her heart.

"I cannot see the utility of it," he said, with a little surprise at her earnestness, "you said something of it in a letter a long time ago, but I supposed that you did not really mean it. If you want to work for the heathen, I can show you plenty of them in the alleys and back streets of New York. You have a fortune at your command, and can hire assistants, and teach them all the good things that you please."

"Yes, Egbert, I know that we have heathen at our very doors, but there are also many good Christians, who are trying to do them good. I want go where laborers are more needed. 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' was one of the last commandments of the Master. I have no home ties, save you, my dear brother, no

parents to mourn for me or miss me. I am called, and I *must* go!"

"But the climate might not agree with you, and perhaps you would sicken and die in less than a year; how long did Harriet Newell live after she reached her field of labor? I remember reading her memoir when I was a child."

"Not long, I think, and I must die sometime if I remain here, and Heaven is as near to Japan as to New York. Life is very uncertain everywhere."

"I don't want you to leave me," said the doctor, "I am not a Christian, and you can find scope for your rare gifts and graces upon me, and if you succeed, there is one heathen saved, certainly. Piety, like charity, should begin at home."

"Begin there, but not end there; you will ever have my earnest prayers, if I go to the utmost verge of the earth. But you are surrounded by Christian influences, and church-going bells, and Sabbath worship. You have light enough, you will never perish for lack of knowledge."

Hitherto Susie Crawford had listened to the conversation in silence. But now she approached the little knoll where the doctor was sitting, and seated herself at his feet.

"Dr. Howe, I do not think it is right to oppose Ella. She is called to this work, it is the cherished wish of her heart, and has been ever since she gave her heart to God. Woe be to any person who would keep another from the path of duty; should you do this, you might live to repent it, and it would be wicked to retain her with you when she is so anxious to go. Cannot you make this sacrifice for Him who made a greater one for you? I would gladly accompany her, but I am an only child, and my mother is a widow. She is in feeble health, and leans upon me. At present it is my duty to remain at home."

The doctor arose from his seat, caught up his hat and the baskets, and said pleasantly, "Well, we will not go to Patagonia nor to Japan to-night. The sun has gone down, and I fear that it will be dark before we reach the foot of the mountain. I regard it *my duty*, to take two young saints to the nearest hotel. The remains of our dinner I will give to the children of that shanty that we passed this morning. Come, Ella! hurry, please; just imagine that you are in Burmah, and on the way to fill an evening engagement, where you are to tell the natives that it is wrong to be cannibals, and that they must not eat any more missionaries."

"*Oui monsieur, je suis tris vite*," replied Ella.

Slowly they descended, walking very carefully, according to the doctor's directions. The birds were chanting their pensive evening lays, white wreaths of vapor were settling over the valley, the crickets were chirping, the bare footed boys were whistling as they drove the sleek cows from the hillside. It was a sweet summer scene, and everything suggested peace and purity. Susie picked some wild flowers, and ran forward a little in pursuit of more; she did not heed her path, and the twilight was fast gathering over the place, and by a single misstep she was suddenly thrown down a rocky precipice about fifteen feet from the ground. A piercing shriek told the tale, and the doctor sprang forward, and by a single leap was by her side. When Ella looked over the ravine he had already taken the inanimate form in his arms, and was coming up another way.

She snatched a silver cup from the basket, and ran to a stream for water, and when Susie had been lain carefully down, and the usual restoratives applied, she revived and attempted to stand upon her feet. But her ankle was badly sprained, the right arm broken, and she sank down helpless, and burst into tears.

"Cheer up, child!" said the doctor, "I am strong and well, and I can easily carry you to the cottage but little below, where I can probably get a horse and carriage."

"I was so careless to tumble down that frightful place, and I thought I was killed, and every deed of my life passed in instant review before me. It seemed an annihilation of time."

"Be thankful it was no worse," said Ella, "better have a broken arm than a broken neck. Egbert is a good surgeon, and can mend you up beautifully. You won't be obliged to send for a doctor."

Susie tried to smile, but the pain prevented it, and the blood was trickling down the doctor's arm from a wound in the head. The stars came out as they went onward, and twinkled merrily at the poor travelers, as much as to say, "You are in a sorry plight, now, Dr. Howe; could you not take better care of the young ladies?"

The moon arose and shed her soft radiance over them, and all the wild mountain gorges were bathed in silvery light, and one could fancy that fairies held there their revels.

They hired a cart at the nearest cottage, the only vehicle that they could procure, but the small hours of the morning came before they reached their own rooms at the hotel. Dr. Howe adjusted

the broken bones of the arm, put on the splints, then bandaged the ankle and head, and when the morning dawned the poor sufferer was calmly sleeping. No groan or word of complaint had escaped her lips during the adjustment of the broken arm. Patiently even cheerfully she endured the slow fever that followed. Her only anxiety was for her friends who watched over her so tenderly, and for her mother who would wonder at her long absence among the hills.

After a week she was able to write a few lines to her mother, informing her of the accident, and assuring her that she was recovering and would soon be at home again. During the days of convalescence, when she was bolstered up in bed, or reclining upon the sofa, she had many interesting talks with the Doctor upon religious subjects. He was ever ready to read to her, and for his own sake she often asked him to read the Bible. These conversations in the sick room were not in vain. The strong, sceptical man who could resist the most learned arguments and studied appeals from eminent scholars, was subdued by the humble instructions of a young Christian girl, whose example was consistent, and who lived the true life, hid with Christ in God. She looked upward for wisdom, and seemed to know just what to say that he could not answer satisfactorily; and though pride and unbelief strove for the mastery, and dark temptations came, yet God's Holy Spirit was the stronger influence, and he yielded at last and came humbled as a little child. With the most delicate tact and ability, his young guide led him step by step to see himself a sinner, and then presented the One who came to seek and to save just such sinners. Did not Christ leave the blest regions of heaven, endure the trials of earth, and die on the cross for just this purpose? If he would give his heart to this Saviour, he would become the guide of his life.

Ella observed the change, and prayed without ceasing for the conversion of her brother. Those few weeks among the White Hills were ever afterwards remembered by her as holy time, and the place as consecrated ground. In after years, when her home was in another hemisphere, and trials thickened about her pathway, she remembered that time of prayer, and took courage for the future.

Dr. Howe went out from the invalid's room one evening, with a great weight upon his heart, yet fully resolved that if there were a Saviour of sinners he would find him. He walked rapidly, sought a retired place, and with the hoary mountains around him, knelt in prayer, asking the God of Christians to be his God and his Saviour. For many hours he knelt there, with head uncovered, and the solemn stars looking kindly down upon him, as he unreservedly consecrated all his powers to God and His service. Peace—a calm and holy peace—filled his soul as he arose, and the beautiful stars seemed to read him a lesson of the love of God. "Behold he prayeth," was the announcement of the spirits around the throne, and once more there was joy in the presence of the angels, for another sinner had repented, and another star was added to the crown that meek little Susie Crawford would wear when she reached the shore of the immortals. The two young girls rejoiced together, and thanked God for his work.

"It seems too good to be true," said Ella, "I have prayed for him so much that I think his name must be pretty well known among the angels, by this time, yet still it seems a miracle."

"It is one of God's miracles and so is every conversion," said Susie, "yet it is just like God,—He has promised to hear prayer, and His word never fails. I have received so many answers to prayer, that I expect them as a matter of course. With your brother's fine talents and culture and wealth, he is a valuable acquisition to the service of the Master."

"Now if Grace were only a Christian!" said Ella, "would we not be joyful? She seems so near the Kingdom, that I am surprised that she is still out of the fold."

(To be Continued.)

HOME DEPARTMENT.

"The Heart of the Home."

Whether the individual or the family is the unit of the State, is a question which will probably be discussed with much vigor and earnestness, for some time to come; but that the home is the conservator of society, is questioned by none. That instinct of the human heart which makes a man seek to locate a certain spot where he shall establish his hearth and the sum of his possessions, is next to human affection, the most powerful for good to humanity. No

nomadic race ever attained to a high degree of civilization. Location, permanence, is necessary to that repose of heart and life, without which life's best things cannot take root, and grow and blossom and bear fruit. Most of all is this permanence and repose necessary for the growth and right development of the character of the young—of our children. To attach them by the ties of affection to home, to make them feel that it is the happiest place on earth, is to insure for them, almost with certainty, a useful and virtuous life. A boy or a girl who loves best of all to be at home, cannot go far astray.

The mother is the heart of the home, and to her hand is given, in an especial degree, its keeping. By this, we do not mean to encourage or rehash the old platitudes about domesticity, and keeping at home, which we have heard *ad nauseam*. We mean, however, to state and to emphasize this truth: the first condition to a happy home is a happy wife and a happy mother. It is not enough that a wife and mother be faithful and self-sacrificing, and domestic and kind, and a good house-keeper, and all that. She must be happy, or the home will fall short of its ideal and possibilities. It is the common complaint against women now-a-days, that they are restless. If not exactly dissatisfied, they are at least far from knowing repose of spirit in their home life. Is there any more common condition or complaint among women of education, in their homes to-day, than that are always pursued by a sense of incompleteness in their work? They complain of themselves; they work hard, but accomplish no satisfactory result; they long; they aspire; they expend mental force in simply beating the air. How differently they are affected by their work from the way in which men are affected by theirs, is patent to every observer; and while this restlessness, this uncertainty as to the way in which they shall expend their efforts, remains, women cannot be happy.

Frances Power Cobbe, in an article on the "Little Health of Ladies," which attracted universal attention, relates of a lecture by Dr. Bridges, given at the Royal Institution, concerning the laboring and pauper class, that one remark was received with emotion by the audience. He said, "Man does not live by bread alone, he must have *hope*." The writer adds: "May we not say likewise 'Woman does not live by bread alone—nay, nor by the richest cake.' She, too, must have hope, something to live for, something she may look to accomplish for herself or others in God's world of work, ere her night shall fall. A Hindoo lady, lately speaking at a meeting in India, compared Mary Carpenter's beneficent existence to a river bearing fertility to many lands, while the life of a woman in the Zenana, she said, resembled rather a pond. Surely every woman worthy of the name, would desire to be something more than a pool, were it only a little, trickling rill! But in endless cases she is *dammed up* on all sides, and none the less effectually that the soft mud of affectionate prejudice forms the dam.

The effect of education is more and more to specialize human effort. Society is being organized in every department, and there is given to every man his work. The work of guiding the home, and caring for and training the children, has been left loosely upon woman's hands. It, too, needs to be organized. The mother's time should not wholly be required by the care of her children, especially by the care of their material wants. She should have leisure and freedom at times, and in abundance to look upon the varied interests of life, and even, if she so desire, to take a part in some of the activities of life other than care for food and raiment, and order for her household. How best to attain this end, how to guide the home without losing hold on all other interests, how to bring up a family, and not drop all the accomplishments and special occupations which were the delight of girlhood and youth, how to continue to grow, mentally and spirually, in wisdom and in power, while at the same time filling the lofty position of a mother at home; how far the pursuit of specialties are compatible with a mother's cares, and how they may be made more compatible, how the broad education of to-day may be best utilized to enrich the home; these are the problems which press upon the women of to-day, and in this solution we shall learn how to make cheerful, and strong and happy the heart of the mother at home.

* * *

A Mother's Love.

NELLIE M. THOMPSON.

WHAT words can portray in true light
Man's highest earthly blessing,
A Mother's love? That picture bright
Is beyond art's expressing.

A mother's love is like the snow
Spotless, in its descending,
A cloak of purity to throw
Round all that needs defending.

A mother's love is like the sea
In its still depths unchanging,

Where'er an erring child may be
Her heart knows no estranging.

A mother's love is like the cloud
O'ershadowing and guiding,
Which led God's ancient people proud,
Back to a home abiding.

A mother's love is like a rock,
Firm, all assaults defying,
Faith adds, strong even in death's shock,
'Tis like the soul, *undying*.

* * *

The Early Mothers.

THE OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

II.

Some idea of the duties and style of living in ancient times may be presented by giving a picture of the ancient kitchen, the room in which the greater part of the time of the wife and children was passed, while awake; some, in small houses, making a sleeping-room of it also. Prominent, were the "table-chair" and the "dressers." The former was a table and chair combined, the table part being circular, large enough to accommodate the family at their meals, so made that it could be turned up, set against the side of the wall, out of the way, the frame part constituting a large chair, often occupied by the grand-parents, with one or more of their pet grand-children. This article of furniture was too useful and convenient to have been crowded out of use. The "dressers," as they then were seen, have also disappeared. They often contained what had been brought over from the old country, after having been in use as a substitute for crockery, shelf after shelf rising till out of ordinary reach. The upper ones usually contained huge pewter platters, used on special occasions, while lower were plates of the same material, which the specially neat housewife kept very bright. These were of various sizes, adapted to the size of the various members of the family. There were pewter cups, and all of the dishes really needed in those times, of simplicity and economy, a drawer containing knives and forks, differing widely from those now used, with spoons of the same material, a porringer, etc., articles not now seen in New England. The capacious open fire-place was a curiosity in its way, with its massive mantel-piece, a solid iron bar to keep the bricks in their places, sufficiently large and wide to admit of a "forestick" eight feet long, and a "backlog" of four feet, with a capacity for holding nearly a quarter of a cord of wood, then so abundant that it was often burned on the grounds where it grew, when land was to be cleared. This chimney was a warm place, most of the heat passing up and out, while the rear of the room was very cold,—with this advantage, the room was thoroughly ventilated a constant current ever passing out of the chimney. In this was seen the "crane, pot-hooks and trammels," the food being generally cooked over the fire, no cooking stoves being then in use. The favorite place for the small children was in the corners, actually within the limits of the fire-place, seated on stools, often engaged in "parching corn" in the hot ashes and embers. In one corner was the "suggestive dye-pot," in which so many of the articles worn were colored, while on the other side was the ample brick oven, in which immense loaves of rye and Indian bread were baked, with as ample pots of beans and pork, Indian puddings and bannocks, since but a very little wheat flour was then used, seven pounds of "York flour" being bought, possibly, at Thanksgiving and on a very few other occasions; "boughten flour" being a great luxury, though it found a good substitute in the wheat, to some extent raised on the average farm, with the darker rye flour. When a very little was to be made, or an addition to the ample loaves, small quantities were placed on as many *cabbage leaves*, the whole placed on the bottom of the oven, this not usually heated every day. There was another crane, one intended for other purposes, outside of the fire-place, made of wood, long enough to reach almost to the sides of the room, on which strings of apples and sections of the pumpkin were hung to dry—near the fire—while the children's clothes, etc., were here. This kitchen was a social place, the place where company, old and young, were received in the long winter evenings, when the older company were treated to a dish of apples, placed before the fire on the stone hearth—made of several flat stones, as smooth as could easily be found in their natural state—the "mug of cider" also being more generally found, the temperance principles of that day not forbidding this, even if the temperance question had been slightly broached. The young people, perhaps, indulged in a few games of "fox and geese," "hunt the slipper," "button" and the like, the aged grand-parents gratifying the little ones by joining with them in playing "blind man's buff," a favorite amusement of that time.

An Autumn Chaplet.

EMILY V. KEEVER.

If all New England had been searched over, no gayer, happier lassies could have been found than my cousin Rose Maynard, and I.

She was the only daughter in her family of six boys and one girl, and I was the only child living out of a family of nine.

Indulged in our rather wayward fancies, we glided, or, to be more accurate, danced lightly and merrily through a happy girlhood, never even dreaming that the future could hold anything but happiness for *us*.

At seventeen we each had a lover true and fond. One lovely September day we made a little party of four to spend the afternoon in the grand old forest west of my home. There the momentous words were spoken, and we wandered homeward at sunset, engaged, and happy beyond the power of words to portray.

Philip, though already a man in stature and in years, had been for a long time my devoted admirer and friend. On this afternoon, as we sat at the foot of a grand old tree, on a carpet of moss, strewn with briliant autumn leaves, he had told me that it was necesssry that he should visit England very soon to look after some property to which his mother had fallen heir; and as he talked he reached here and there for a leaf, and deftly weaving the long stems, he made a lovely chaplet. Then followed the tale of love, so sweet to a maiden's ear, when her heart responds, as mine did most truly.

When we reached home and had received the tearful blessing of my aged parents, for I was the youngest of their children, and came to them when their hair was already silvered and they had reached middle age, Phil hung up the wreath on the sitting-room wall, as a souvenir of the "always-to-be-remembered-day," he said.

"I shall look at it a hundred times a day while you are gone," said I, "and waft it a kiss for you."

"And I will gather them on my return," he replied gayly.

Rose and I were together constantly; our modest *trousseaus* were counterparts of each other, and we took special pride in setting every stitch ourselves. Household linen and garnishings were hemmed and laid away. By spring we were ready to begin on our own clothing, and many an anxious hour was spent in planning and making our wedding dresses.

Phil was still detained in England sorely against his will. At length he wrote: "April will find me at the old farm if all goes well, and in June, dear one, we will exchange our marriage vows. I dream of you every night, and I see you everywhere, and even you can scarcely imagine the depth of my longing to hold you to my breast in joyous greeting, after this weary separation and waiting."

I knew something was wrong somewhere, when April had melted into May, and no Phil appeared, nor news from him reached me. At last Rose, sobbing as if her heart, instead of mine, were to be the broken one, told me a direful tale of storm and shipwreck, and that he, my lover—my true, fond lover, was supposed to be lost.

It was weeks before I rose from my sick bed—then only to bury both my dear parents. I begged Rose and Will to defer their marriage no longer on my account. They waited until September, hoping for tidings of the loved and lost; then, in compliance with my earnest entreaties, they were quietly married.

Dear Rose would not wear the white dress like mine, but looked like a dove in a traveling suit of grey.

I stood by her side during the ceremony, not as I fondly hoped to stand— a joyous, happy bride, but a sad, worn woman, widowed in heart, aged in youth by the successive afflictions that had robbed me of parents, lover, and all that the future might have brought to me of happiness and joy.

A sad, quiet pleasure I still experienced in the sympathy of friends, the consolation of religious hope and faith, in reading, and looking after the interests pertaining to my little home.

Rose came often to see me, but she refrained from chattering about her own happiness, I knew, for fear of wounding me; but when, the next year, a dear little baby boy, with large blue eyes and thickly curling hair, came to them, she threw her arms around my neck, and fairly sobbed for joy, because she was so perfectly happy, mingled with sorrow for my blighted hopes, and the desire she felt to have me break the silence I had hitherto strangely preserved, and talk of him whom we had no doubt was lying beneath the ocean waves.

Brightly dawned the second anniversary of our betrothal day. I planned to spend it alone, and a few hours of it, at least, in the old forest. Thitherward I wandered, and sitting beneath the same trees, filled my lap with the leaves which had taken on their autumn tints and fallen.

So lost was I in reverie, that I almost fancied I

could hear the soft tones of his voice as I heard them on that thrice happy day.

I had never even heard of the "theory of brain waves," yet so strongly and strangely did a new set of impressions take possession of my mind, that I started nervously whenever a little red squirrel ran along the limbs of the neighboring trees, or a twig fell, or the leaves at my feet rustled.

"He is coming!" I whispered to my trembling heart. "I feel the clasp of his strong arm about my waist, his kisses on my cheek. He is not dead; he is coming to claim his bride." Then awed by the stillness and the shadowy gloom, I thought of death.

I drew a long sigh of relief. Ah! that is much more probable, I shall die soon—my "tired heart and I" will rest. Philip's spirit is doubtless near me now—our souls will be wedded in the other world, and the love that was such a bright bud of promise here, will expand into a flower of everlasting life and beauty there.

I started suddenly from my reverie. Was it late? Must I return? I could not tell the hour, the old woods were always dark and gloomy, but I loved them for the sake of him who was constantly in my mind. Slowly I retraced my steps toward my cottage; the door stood open, yet I left it closed. Walking softly forward I saw the intruder, dear cousin Rose, in mother's great arm-chair, bending her face down to the snowy bundle in her lap, and murmuring sweetest nonsense in the cooing tones of mother love.

A pang of grief, of envy, shot through my heart. "Cousin Rose!" I exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you, but it is an unexpected pleasure. I did not suppose you were strong enough to ride so far."

"Oh, yes, I am feeling almost as strong as ever. See the baby, Clara! Isn't the growing sweet? I know he will be a beauty by and by, and O Clara, we've named him—Philip Grayson—are you glad to have it so, cousin?"

"Thank you, Rose," I replied, almost choking with the wild desire to see the other Philip, whose name the tiny stranger was to bear through life.

"Do you know what day this is, cousin Rose?"

"The twenty-seventh, isn't it?" looking inquiringly at me.

"Yes, and the anniversary of our betrothal day. Two years ago to-day my precious chaplet was woven, but it is fading just as my hopes have faded and died."

"I had not recalled the fact that it was a day of sweet memories until now—but baby fills my thoughts completely. I assure you his papa is actually growing jealous. Have you been spending the afternoon alone in the woods, Clara?" she asked softly, her eyes full of unshed tears.

"Yes, and I was so impressed with a sense of Phil's nearness, I may say his very presence, that I thought it must be either a presentiment of death, or he is not dead, but coming home."

"Clara, dear, pray do not indulge either fancy. There is no hope of the latter, and as to the former—why, you are perfectly well, are you not?"

"Perfectly. Mother died at seventy, if I live to her age, I have nearly half a century of sorrowful loneliness before me. Think of it! Perhaps I shall be like the old women in *The Bells of Lynn*, be forever hearing a certain step—and fancying that my lover is drawing near. No, Clara, dear, I cannot bear the thought, nor to have you talk in this doleful strain. Perhaps this is not a proper time to speak of it, but we are all hoping that by and by your love for Phil will become a beautiful memory, and that some worthy man will win you. I really believe you would be happier. Think of the lonely years stretching before you."

"I think of little else," I replied sadly. "No, Rose, no man will call me wife, no children crown my life with joy and gladness, I shall be lonely and sad, but not unhappy."

The great old clock ticked loudly, and we sat in silence a few moments. Suddenly a sense of my responsibility as hostess came into my thoughts.

"Rose, how did you and baby get here? With all your persevering energy, it would be absurd to suppose that you walked."

"Oh, Will brought me in the carriage, of course. He drove on to the village, and said he would be back by six to tea. Now while you light the fire, I'm going to lay the table. Master Phil can lie on the sofa, and try to dig his blessed little eyes out with his dear little fists. I know where everything is, and shall put on the best china and the silver tea-set, in honor of baby Phil's first visit."

Coming into the sitting-room a little later, I smiled to see the housewifely air with which cousin Rose was putting the finishing touches to the snowy linen and old-fashioned silver mother brought from her English home.

"See, Clara!" exclaimed Rose, pointing to the wall, "doesn't the chaplet look beautiful with the sunbeams glittering across it? like burnished gold and crimson, isn't it?"

I passed my arm about her waist, and we crossed the room together. We stood looking at the precious memento, when a wail from the sofa caused Rose to turn hastily, and a moment later a shriek followed. I turned, and framed by the ivy that grew thickly around the low doorway, stood my lover, my Philip!

Many years have passed away since that hour of rapturous joy, but never has my gratitude to God grown faint, for his great goodness in restoring to me the joys of life I had thought lost forever.

We live in the same old cottage, with graceful, winsome daughters three to bless our home and life, and sometimes they hang about Phil's chair at the "Children's Hour," and beg him to tell them once more about the dreadful shipwreck, and of being picked up by a vessel bound for the West Indies, of the long sickness that followed, the lost letters, and all the rest; the details of which sad story they are almost, if not quite, as familiar with as Phil himself.

Sometimes our brown-eyed, thoughtful Ora, our first-born, will sigh, and say: "I feel sorry—very, for you, papa, but more sorry for mamma, for she thought you were *drowned*, you know, and you knew you were *not*."

Life is full and rich and glowing. I know now what I should have missed of tender love, of thoughtful care, and of dear companionship, had the ocean waves, as we once thought they had, really stolen from me "*Philip, my King*."

* * *

The Housekeeper's Scrap-book.

OLIVE CHESNEY.

KITCHEN FLOORS.

To the careful housewife there are few things more vexatious than an unsightly, rough kitchen floor, betraying with utmost candor the ravages of heavy footprints, or spots of grease, souvenirs of carelessness, or of accident liable to befall the most accomplished cook. A dash of cold water, immediately applied, prevents the grease penetrating deeply into the wood, or a hot iron placed over the offending spot, first covered with common blotting paper, will draw it out, and the soreness from the heart simultaneously. It may be necessary to apply two or three sheets of paper; this, followed by the scrubbing brush dipped in weak lye, or water to which has been added a spoonful or two of ammonia, will remove all trace of it. A son of Neptune says that grease spots are obliterated by ordinary whitewash, that is the treatment for such eye-sores in the navy.

A good plan is to oil the kitchen floor when first laid; extra spots of grease are then invisible upon it; or for a smooth kitchen floor, a black walnut stain may be preferred by some persons. This stain lends itself readily to convenience and beauty, as it is easily restored when worn off in places, by applying the stain to such spots at night, with a brush or even a soft cloth will suffice by morning it will have dried.

For the stain, mix in two quarts of water three ounces of washing soda, five ounces of Vandyke brown, and half an ounce of bi-chromate of potash. Boil ten minutes; may be used hot or cold.

Paint may be removed from a floor previous to staining it, by applying wash made of three parts lime (slacking it), to one part of pearlash, mixed to the consistency of paint. Spread this over the entire floor, to remain for twenty-four hours. It can then be easily scraped off. Wash off the floor. When dry, paint with the stain. If there are any cracks in the floor, they can be filled with plaster of Paris, mixed with water to a thick cream. Mix but little at a time, it hardens very quickly, and then cannot be used. This filling is excellent for cracks in a ceiling or walls, or nail holes in plastering, as thick as plastering, and put in smoothly. It is preferable to mortar for this purpose, as it does not shrink. If the cracks are very large, white sand may be used with it. Mixed with gum arabic water, plaster of Paris makes an excellent white cement. Mix but a small quantity, and use immediately. It is very cheap.

For a rough kitchen floor, nothing is comparable to durable, inexpensive glue paint, which may be washed with hot suds, without danger of removing the paint with the dirt. For a country kitchen floor, subject to the hard usage it frequently has, this paint is a boon.

For the paint. Mix thoroughly one and one-half pounds of dry white lead and three pounds of spruce yellow. In one quart of water dissolve two ounces of glue, stirring frequently until quite smooth and almost boiling. Thicken the dissolved glue with the pigment, as in making mush, until it will spread smoothly upon the floor. This paint will fill the crevices frequently seen in a kitchen floor, and dries speedily. When perfectly dry, with a clean paint brush go over the floor with boiled linseed oil. After a few hours' time spread papers or mats to step on for a few days. These proportions cover a small room; can be doubled or trebled as re-

quired. Finely powdered pigments of any color may be used in lieu of the yellow, if preferred. *It is necessary that the paint be put on hot.* A few live coals in an old iron kettle on which the vessel containing the paint is set, may be utilized if a furnace is not convenient. After washing in weak suds or ammonia water, wipe carefully with a soft cloth or mop wrung out of clear water.

It was a truth uttered by the one who said, "a fresh coat of paint in a room, will do more towards making it clean and tidy than all the scrubbing and cleaning that a woman's hands can give it."

Painted walls may be easily cleaned by keeping closed the doors and windows of the apartment, and creating sufficient steam in the room to thoroughly wet the walls, then washing them quickly with weak suds. The steam will also soften the dirt upon the wood work, which may be washed with weak lye, saleratus water, or ammonia water; a tablespoon of the latter to a quart of hot water. Any of these washes must be thoroughly rinsed off in clear water and wiped with a dry, clean, soft cloth. Where the walls are to be re-papered, the steam will loosen the paper so that it can be readily stripped off previous to renewing the paper.

Finger marks and fly specks may be removed from varnished hard woods with alcohol or benzine. If the wood is slightly dimmed by it, rub it with a soft cloth dipped in linseed oil.

Paint for out-buildings. An excellent and economical paint for out-buildings, is composed of petroleum and linseed oil. Take of crude petroleum five pints, refined petroleum one pint, raw linseed oil one quart, Venetian red six pounds, or the same amount of any other color.

Metallic paint, which comes in a handsome maroon, used on the trimmings, gives an effective, ornamental finish, and is in every respect satisfactory.

A cheap, durable paint for brick walls, is good hydraulic cement mixed with water and tinted as taste suggests. Storms beat upon it without injury, and it meets with indifference the sun's warmest greetings.

WOMAN'S WORK.

How Girls May Earn Money at Home.

Gardening seems to be very fitting, and ought to be congenial work for girls. I do not mean the cultivation of flowers, for that can only be done profitably near the larger cities, and there are so many greenhouses already established that a woman without capital and experience, would not stand an even chance. But for fruits, and berries, and early vegetables, there is likely to be, in these days of "summer boarders," a market.

Not long ago I saw two girls busy digging over the soil with trowels, where one crop had been taken off, preparing to put in something else; and I venture to say that no "hired man" would have done it better. Whether they were day laborers or were personally interested, there they were; and it certainly was not so hard as to scrub a floor, to wash or iron.

One girl tried strawberries just to see what she could do; did everything herself except the ploughing and harrowing. She set out the plants in the spring, and by only the labor of keeping out the weeds, cutting off the runners twice, and watering them a few times, she had a fine crop the second year, which averaged twenty cents a box.

Currants, raspberries, and blackberries soon come into bearing, and so do grapes. It is easy enough to start any of them, and to take care of them after that. They will thrive in unoccupied corners, and against walls. There is unused space enough for them around almost any house in the country. One lady who had cares enough, seemingly to take all her time, told me that in odd hours for several springs, she set out grape vines, trained and pruned them, and even fashioned the trellises, till every nook and corner around her house and out-houses had its thrifty vine. She had read everything on the subject that she saw, and had learned what to do.

She set out currant cuttings, and—what was a great deal harder—conquered the currant worms. "Yes," she said "one must expect to do that. If you have a garden, there will come an army of devastators, in the shape of worms, and bugs and nameless flies. That is the law of the universe. There is just so much overcoming to be done in everything."

The same lady is zealously engaged in peach raising, planting stones every autumn, expecting in this way to keep her trees replenished. "I plant every year," she said, "and let them stand a year where they are, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, and then transplant. My friends laugh at me about my peach orchard. But there is a three-year-old tree coming into bearing. It has one peach—you see it!"

Another lady told me she had long felt it to be a positive duty for her to write something about gardening for girls, hoping that some who wish for healthful, useful occupation, with all the sweet influences of open air life, might be induced to try it. She had a right to speak, for she had her-

self done all kinds of garden work, even to spading and trimming small fruit trees, and she thought she ought to know how to graft. She was so situated that she was obliged to. It was a family which had been numerous, and had seen more prosperous days. There now remained an aged grandfather, a lame aunt and this lady. They had an old place, but no means of support.

She was bright and full of resources, and thought she could turn the garden to account, if she put her own hands to it. And she did. Her first sale that she ever made, she said, was a pick of green peas to the butcher, which paid for their steak.

"And now," said she, "I planned as any financier might. I made the garden yield two crops where it was possible; and the first year I actually paid all our bills from that spot of ground. We had studied every economy not to get into debt, and here was a way of help, by which I profited the second year, starting very early. I also planted at intervals and planted late, so that I always had things from May to November, from the first lettuce, to the celery for winter. It was a matter of bread and butter with us, and I did everything a man gardener would have done; and we did not have to go without fresh meat, and stint ourselves on sugar, after that.

It was a pleasant life, and I liked it. There is nothing you are more sure of, than if you put a seed into the earth, doing your part aright, all the sky influences will help you.

You are not absolutely sure of anything in this world, but you can rely on that with more certainty than almost anything else. It is good to have all those co-workers, sun and wind and rain and warmth, and the dews of the night, and be a partner yourself in all its growth.

Yes, there was daily pleasure, besides the practical and helpful avails—cucumbers twelve cents a dozen, shelled beans twenty-five cents a peck the season through, celery a shilling a head. But if a girl would do it, she must get all false notions out of her head as quickly as possible.

You may depend upon it that a change is taking place in the community about the dignity and fitness of certain kinds of labor. And no good reason can be shown why girls should not engage in such employment, and even in the lighter parts of farming; and there is a good time coming for those real girls who are not above it, who love the country and mean to stay in it, and to get all that is best and happiest out of life."

If you would know what two women of genius think about it, read Miss Alcott's "Work," and Ella Farman's interesting and true experience, "How Two Girls Tried Farming." The last mentioned tells how things may be managed at the West, where they have such lavish returns. Each section has its own disadvantages as well as compensations, but any one can find opportunities without going far.

There seems no reason why girls should not "take"—as it is called—a small piece of land, and see what they can raise on it; if they are ignorant of the methods of farming, get books that will tell them, ask intelligent men who know. Very soon their quick wits, which are never at a loss over "fancy work," no matter how intricate, will settle the difficulty. Last year a boy of eighteen raised from such a patch fifty bushels of potatoes, which he sold on the spot for thirty-five cents a bushel; and his entire labor, including the putting on of Paris green to kill the Colorado beetles, took him but a few days. Why could not a girl do that? Not necessarily with potatoes, but with some cleaner, more agreeable crop.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

The Woman's Exchange.

(Colorado Springs, Col.)

JULIA A. SABINE.

The Woman's Exchange is abroad in the land. As an institution it has come to stay. The amount of good that has already been accomplished through its agency, cannot easily be told. Its possibilities are boundless.

For a long time a feeling prevailed, that only in large cities could a Woman's Exchange be successful, but it has been demonstrated that the organization is needed as much in small places as in larger ones, possibly even more. Certainly there is no lack of patronage wherever one is organized. I have yet to hear of one that has been abandoned after getting into working order.

When, one year ago, the question of establishing a Woman's Exchange in our own little city was discussed, there were the usual number of doubting Thomases ready to throw cold water on our plan. We were told that the place was far too small. That the time had not come, we were not ready for it. One gentleman, who gave us a really munificent donation of house-keeping articles, half spoiled all our pleasure in the gift by saying, "Now mind, I expect to see you women selling these things at auction inside of six months. You'll 'bust' before that time."

We assured our benefactor that we had no idea of "busting," as we thanked him for his generosity, and to-day we are glad to feel that he was a false prophet, for our Exchange has just completed its first year of existence, and the reports of its varied officers show that it is firmly established on a self-supporting basis.

Perhaps an account of how we did it, may be of some service to others who would like to do likewise. Like all who have succeeded, we like to talk of our success. In the first place we called a meeting of all interested in the project,—a meeting which was sufficiently well attended to give us courage to go on, though not very enthusiastic. Then came the work of soliciting memberships and donations, and this was up hill work. It is a singular phase of human nature, that the same people who will give freely, even lavishly, to relieve individual cases of distrsss, will be reluctant to open their purses for an enterprise of this kind, which proposes to go to the root of the matter, and to furnish means of support to those who might otherwise be compelled to ask for charity.

From the first, we maintained that the Woman's Exchange was not a charity, but a legitimate business enterprise, and that we only asked for capital to begin upon. Our membership fee was one dollar per year, which entitled the person paying to a consignor's ticket, and the privilege of consigning the work of one person for one year. Many ladies took these tickets and gave them to poor women, who could hardly afford to buy one for themselves.

We had various gifts of furniture, cooking utensils, and having found suitable rooms in a fairly good location, our rent was guaranteed by certain individuals for three months.

We opened in a modest way, on one of the coldest days in

the year. We decided to serve lunches, as a means of eking out our income, and from the very beginning our lunch table was a success. The first day we had for sale home-made bread and yeast, cake, pies, doughnuts, jelly and catsup, and when night came we found we had "sold out," and that our lunches had made great havoc in the larder. We felt satisfied with our beginning.

We went on with very few drawbacks. Consignors multiplied, and so did customers. As Christmas approached, we were deluged with orders for cakes, pies, plum puddings and other dainties, all of which we were able to fill satisfactorily. Fancy articles, suitable for Christmas presents, were brought in in great profusion, and met with a good sale. We began to furnish beef tea, and jellies, and other delicacies for invalids, and we found that the Exchange was not only supplying a real want, but that it was becoming the fashion.

For two or three months the service was almost entirely given, but after that we paid a superintendent and a corps of assistants.

Our lunch counter was giving such great satisfaction that we were beseiged with applications for regular board, and after some hesitation we decided to furnish meals at a fixed price. The tables have been well filled, and it is to this department that the financial success of this Exchange is due.

It has been necessary to employ a cook, but a goodly part of the Exchange table is the work of consignors, a market for many articles being thus provided.

About five months from the commencement of the work, it was found that the original quarters had become too small. A change was imperative, and with many misgivings they were given up, and a large and handsome house, close to the business part of the town, was taken. The lower rooms were used for the Exchange, kitchen, dining-room and parlors, while the upper story was rented to people who boarded at the Exchange table. The venture proved entirely successful. The amount received from the chambers paid the rent of the building, and, the location being excellent, business increased rapidly in the new quarters.

It must not be supposed that this has been accomplished without much hard work and anxious thought, nor that there have been no thorns in the way. If any person requires the traditional wisdom of a serpent and harmlessness of a dove, it is the superintendent of a Woman's Exchange. She stands between two fires. The consignors on one hand and the customers on the other, with a Board ready at one side to pour in a little shot of its own, if need be.

One of the most difficult parts of the work is to teach the consignors accuracy and evenness of execution. The great mass of women who come for work to such a place will be untrained. It requires constant vigilance to keep them up to their standard. It seemed impossible to make them understand that doughnuts and cookies offered for sale by the dozen must be of equal size, the same shape and unvarying excellence. But although many hard feelings arose against the superintendent because of her insistance upon these and similar points, when the consignors found that nothing but the best could be sold, they began to learn their lesson. For taking unsold goods home again, day after day, became a monotonous and disagreeable experience. And so, little by little, many of our women learned to do good, thorough work, and the Exchange became an educator.

Not all our consignors were inaccurate, however. Some of our cake bakers used to bring in, daily, loaves of delicate, dainty cake, exquisite as a poem. They never seemed to fail. One of George Eliot's characters is made to say that no woman ever made two loaves of bread just alike. But one of our bread makers brought every morning, twelve light, sweet loaves, as like as two peas in a pod.

Another difficulty was to persuade the consignors to do only those things they could excel in. Many of them seemed fired with ambition to attempt culinary feats beyond their skill, and while almost every woman can cook a few things well, it is an uncommon instance when one excels in everything. But this, too, righted itself in time. When the woman whose squash pies had been eagerly bought, found her mince and apple returned upon her hands, she left off making the latter.

But it took time to teach this lesson, and meanwhile many vexations occurred. More than one good customer fell off, because of some consignor's inopportune attempts to see what she could do. And it certainly was very trying to the temper of the superintendent, when she had promised Mrs. Jones some of Mrs. Smith's excellent cream biscuit on a certain day, to find that Mrs. Smith had elected, that day of all others, to make Parker House rolls, and failed.

In the other department there was positively no end to the variety of articles consigned. We had the most exquisite art needlework brought in, and paintings fit to grace the walls of a connoisseur. And we had coarse garments, outrageously made, and daubs fit to call tears to the eyes of a stoic. It was never possible to predict what would sell. But sooner or later everything found a purchaser.

One day a woman appeared to whom the world had been unkind, bringing an assortment of specimens of her work, among other things a braided rug. The superintendent smiled. It spoke of New England, and brought up memories of many a hillside farm house, but that it could be sold in our fastidious little city, did not seem to her among the probabilities. In this she was wrong. That rug touched a responsive chord in every true Yankee breast. It was sold at once, and afterward many more. Born New Englanders brought their "rags" to be fashioned into other braided rugs. There was an epidemic of rugs. The superintendent owns to having two herself, and the maker of them passed a busy and profitable winter,

We decided to make no inquiries as to the circumstances of those who wished to consign. In many cases would-be-consignors are required to bring references that they are really in need of work, before they are permitted to avail themselves of the opportunities of the Exchange. We felt that this would shut out a large and deserving class, who would much dislike to proclaim themselves as being in want, and yet perhapsm ight need the money as much, if not indeed more, than many who had no such scruples. Moreover, it was thought that if a few of the rich, or at least the well to do class, consigned, it would encourage some who needed the help greatly, but feared to admit it, to consign also. Experience has showed the wisdom of this course.

This particular Exchange is now, at the end of its first year, entirely self supporting. It has elegantly furnished rooms. Its boarding department is well sustained, and it owes nothing. During this year it has paid to consignors over two thousand dollars, but, as the payments in the be-

ginning, were, of course, small, this does not give an adequate idea of what it is now paying. Its monthly payments are between three and four hundred dollars, and are constantly increasing. The whole number of consignors has been one hundred and ten. Many of these have been kept from asking charity because of this opening, and many more have been able to give luxuries to some invalid friend through its means, which would otherwise have been unattainable.

So we feel that our work has not been in vain, and we look forward to and plan for even greater things. We talk of training schools in all departments of work, of lectures by women to working girls; of much else that is desirable and good. If we cannot accomplish all that we desire, we hope to do much to elevate women and help them to help themselves.

But let it be remembered that this work has been undertaken and accomplished in a city of seven thousand inhabitants. And that, while in the great cities, like San Francisco, for example, the Exchanges do not pay, we, in our little city, have made it a financial success. Therefore, let no one say the Woman's Exchange can only flourish in large places.

I believe the greatest demand for, and need of these Exchanges is to come from small towns and cities, where it is harder for women as individuals to find employment than in large places. Even in New England villages they can be made successful, if carried on in a small way, and with economy in expenditure. I am confident that one of the most important ways leading out of the Slough of Despond, in which so many women are sinking, will be found in the Woman's Exchange.

* * *

Paris World's W. C. T. U. Ladies' Room. (205 Rue St. Honore.)

(Readers please copy address.)

The President of the Paris Branch of the W. W. C. T. U., and founders of the Bellville Mission, has opened, for the encouragement of American visitors in Paris, a Writing, Resting, and Temperance Refreshment Room, at 205 Rue St. Honore, in a very central position, nearly opposite St. Roch Church, and very near to the Louvre Museums, Picture Galleries, Hotel and Magasin. The President will be most happy to meet visitors by previous appointment. The Ladies' Room will be suitable for making the same with friends, and letters may be sent there to the care of the President. Information respecting hotels, boarding houses and schools will be given.

Americans who live near the Arc de Triomph, or in the suburbs of Paris, and have occasion to come into the city for shopping or sight seeing, also artists engaged in copying at the Picture Galleries, will find this room a very great advantage, as it will enable them to rest, leave parcels, get information, and in many other ways be a help to them.

(Newspapers please copy.)

* * *

From the Woman's Magazine in Japan.

We have a *namesake* across the waters who has been honoring American women with brief biographies. Here is one translated by our friend at Burlington University, Vermont. We are glad to know the little lady, and to say the sketch is not overdrawn, oriental as some of the expressions are. And while we are about it, we hereby extend thanks to *this* Woman's Magazine, for a like courtesy to the editor of *ours*, not long ago.

A Sketch of Miss Anna A. Gordon.

TRANSLATED BY SHO NEMOTO.

Written by Yukiteru Nakagawa, for the Woman's Magazine, Tokio, Japan, Nov. 27, 1888.

Miss Anna A Gordon was born in the city of Boston. Her father, Mr. James Gordon, was distinguished for financial ability, having been treasurer of the Columbia National Bank, for a period of thirty years, and also treasurer of the American Board for many years. er gifted mother was known as one of the most tender hearted women in the Athens of America. She very tenderly and carefully educated her daughters, even while t ey were in her arms.

Her sister, Miss Alice Gordon, is an effective worker in the Missions in Spain; and her younger sister, Miss Bessie Gordon, is the Corresponding Secretary of the W. C. T. U. of the State of Massachusetts. Her family is noted for philanthropic deeds. It was natural that Miss Frances E. Willard should invite her to aid in her great work.

Miss Gordon began her work as private secretary of the National President, at the age of 22. Though young, she discharged all her duties very promptly, giving great satisfaction in all her efforts. Though very busy, Miss Gordon has written several books, for example: "Marching Songs.' With Miss Willard she goes all over the country, and gives lectures, especially to the youth. By her eloquence and intelligence, the true idea of the temperance work is easily and widely reaching all who hear her addresses.

Miss Willard's official replies reach the amount of nearly 20,000 letters in one year; this vast number of answers were written by Miss Gordon without delay and mistake; by this fact alone we can well imagine her intelligence and quick judgment. In order to perform her duty, Miss Gordon takes very hard journeys with Miss Willard. The lady is gentle, patient, and is said to be one of the brightest ladies of America.

* * *

New Lines of Work.

Eliza Putnam Heaton, who is rendering valuable assistance to her sex by making note of all new lines of work tried by women successfully, thus writes in a recent letter:

There is a family in a by-street of Poughkeepsie, the women of which are bending their energies to a novel mode of earning a livelihood. The father of the house was a government clerk for a great many years. His eyesight failed him finally, and for a long time past he has been unable to do more than grope his way about in the sunshine, dimly distinguishing shadow from day. With his misfortune all means of subsistence were taken from the family. They became poor, so poor that their neighbors racked their brains for devices to assist them without wounding their sensitive pride. They lived in a painful hand-to-mouth fashion on the product of a little garden, and the scant wages of plain sewing done by the mother, who learned to do dainty handwork in the days before the sewing-machine was. The two

daughters were fairly well educated, one of them having studied in the preparatory school of Vassar, in the household's better days. The younger girl—she is 22 or 23, probably—had quite an artistic talent, but she didn't find that painting menu cards, etc., was exactly the way to pile up a fortune. The older daughter was the family dressmaker. It was this combination of seamstress' skill with a knack at cutting and fitting, and an eye for colors and shapes, that in the end improved the general fortunes. The three women folk, after much deliberation, established themselves as a firm of artistic dressmaking designers. This means that when a customer who wants to look as well as she can look applies for a gown, she is attended to first from the artistic side. The younger girl has a studio session. She looks at her, studies her proportions, considers the colors that she ought to wear, and the sort of fabrics that would hang best on such a figure. Then, if the costume is to be an expensive or elaborate one, she sketches a design for it in water or oil. This is passed over to the elder sister, who proceeds to embody it in cloth or silk. When the gown has been designed by one and cut and fitted by the other, the two girls consign it to their mother, who is responsible for the making, the buttonholes, and the seams. The firm gets excellent prices for its work, and its designs are in demand. It has lifted the family from penury to comfort, and is securing to the members a pleasant independence. Some of the pretty Vassar girl appreciate the pretty gowns, and are among the best customers.

* * *

Work and Workers.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is 45 years old, and is one of the most talented woman of literary rank in the world. "Carmen Sylva," as she is known in literature, begins her literary work at five o'clock in the morning, and writes the most part of the day.

Miss Helen Blanchard is one of Philadelphia's rich women, and lives in luxury on a fortune she made from the invention of a sewing machine attachment.

In Northampton, Mass., a few ladies of leisure and culture, have found a pleasant way to make the lives of others, less favored than their own, more happy. They have given a series of concerts, at which they themselves are the musicians, and to which they have invited people fond of music, but too poor to patronize high priced entertainments. These kind ladies have in this way made many hearts glad, while they have at the same time increased the spirit of the Master in their own hearts. There are many methods at hand to reach people and to bring them nearer the good. We need open eyes, kind hearts, more than opportunities or money.

Smith College, with its four hundred young women, observed the Day of Prayer for colleges and other similar institutions. At morning prayers the President gave a brief history of the day, established sixty-six years ago, and perpetuated by the thought of the utility of consecrated education to the country at large. Immediately following him, many of the professors made appropriate remarks. All study was put aside for the day, and a deep religious feeling plainly existed. The young ladies held several prayer meetings, at which God's blessing was especially invoked upon the colleges of the land. Later in the day a sermon was preached by Professor Lyle, showing the power of Christ to transform the life.

The young ladies at Smith are practically "King's Daughters," as their missionary contributions and other benevolent work in the city clearly proves.

* * *

WOMEN AS IRON WORKERS.

There are probably a thousand women in the city of Pittsburgh who work in iron mills, making bolts, nuts, hinges, and barbed wire. Over three years ago, the men who had been working in the bolt works gave such dissatisfaction that the proprietors decided to try girls at the same work. The venture was such a success that nothing would induce them to go back to the boys and men.

Just about the same time the wire mill was removed from Illinois to Pittsburgh, and, as the girls were such a success in the bolt works, it was decided to give them a trial in the wire mill. Once again they made a success, and the doors of the huge factory were thrown open to them.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

"The MacClenny Nurses."

It was during the fever scourge of 1888, that a band of eighteen, mainly women, under guidance of Colonel Southmayd, left New Orleans for Jacksonville, to carry such help as only the Red Cross could bring. Their leader told them of MacClenny, through which they would pass, a comparatively new town, of a few thousand, largely Northern and Western people, suddenly stricken down in scores; poor, helpless, physicians all ill, and no nurses, quarantined on all sides, no food, medicine, or comforts for sick or well.

"Nurses, shall I leave part of you there? The train cannot stop in, nor near the town, but if I manage to get it slowed up somewhere, will you jump?"

"We will do anything you say, Colonel; we are here in God's name and service to help his people; for Him, for you, and for the Red Cross, we will do our best and our all."

One mile beyond town, the rain pouring in torrents, the ground soaked, slippery and caving, out into pitchy darkness, leaped three men and seven women from a puffing, unsteady train, no physician with them, and no instructions save the charge of

their leader as the last leap was made, and the train pushed on, "Nurses, you know what to do; go and do your best, and God help you."

Hand to hand, that none go astray in the darkness, they hobbled back over a mile of slippery cross ties to the stricken town. Shelter was found, the wet clothes dried, and at midnight the sick had been parcelled out, each nurse had his or her quota of patients, and were in for the issue, be it life or death. Those past all help must be seen through, and lost; all that could be must be saved. The next day a dispatch to New Orleans brought Dr. Gill, and the ten nurses and the physician took up the battle with death.

It is to be borne in mind that these nurses found no general table, no table at all but such as they could provide, find the food for and cook themselves, for the sick, the children, and the old and helpless who had escaped the fever and must be cared for. No patient could be left until the crisis was passed, and many are their records of seventy-two hours without change or sleep, or scarcely sitting down. As the disease gradually succumbed to their watchful care, experience, and skill, they reached out to other freshly attacked towns and hamlets.

Then when rest seemed near, another town a hundred miles below held up stricken hands and begged for help. A month passed, and the President of the Red Cross Association and Dr. Hubbell went in person to see this little heroic band,—"the MacClenny nurses." They found them in the camp, but kept the knowledge of their arrival from them until the next morning. Then a tent was tendered for the meeting. Here the grateful Mayor of MacClenny, the officers of camp and many visitors, gathered to honor the nurses. Clara Barton's presence would have been reward enough, carrying as it does, such marvellous wealth of sunshine and welcome. They stood before her, clad in the light garb of early September in New Orleans, though now it was near December, some trifling nubia or turban about the head, and only one distinguishing feature in common,—"a pitiful little mishapen Red Cross, made by their own hands, of two bits of scarlet ribbon, soiled, fringed, and tattered, pinned closely upon the left breast." This told to all who they were and what they served. A diverse company as respects nationality, being four Americans, one German, one French, one Irish, three Africans; diverse as to their creed, part Protestant, part Catholic, but alike in service and reward.

The Mayor clasped once again their hands, and poured forth the gratitude of his people; the Doctor showed his matchless record of cases attended, and testified to the faithfulness of the nurses, and each had a tribute to bring to the other. It was a praise service and a love feast held in that tent, and in Miss Barton's words, "Few camp meetings, we believe, ever came nearer to the heart of Him who offered his life a ransom, and went about doing good."

That night the norther came, and the next morning was white with frost. Thanksgiving had come to the stricken land. A day after, they went their different ways, parting "with few words, low and softly spoken, but meaning much; with a finger touch upon the little cross, 'When you want us, we are there.'"

*The facts from "Holiday Greeting" by Miss Barton.

* * *

Magazines.

The Atlantic warms up the chilly atmosphere of February with a genuine love story—"A Winter Courtship," by Sarah Orne Jewett. The stage-driver and the one passenger, Mis' Tobin, concluded to occupy the front seat, "put one buff'lo top o' the other—and set close." The result can be told in the parting words: "Who'd have thought we'd done such a piece of engineerin' when we started out?" said Mrs. Tobin, and Mr. Briley answered, "Both on us, jest the least grain."

Agnes Repplier has an earnest "Plea for Humor." She speaks of the humor in the past writings, contrasted with the "dismal seriousness of the present day;" of the *need* of humor, that "any book which serves to lower the sum of human gaiety is a moral delinquent; and instead of coddling it into universal notice, and growing owlish in its gloom, we should put it briskly aside in favor of brighter and pleasanter things." To all of which we say *amen!*

St. Nicholas suggests a remedy for the *too serious* reader, for it provides the provokative for a laugh, at least, in "The Ballad of a Runaway Donkey," illustrated by eight pages of engravings. And not less funny, the tale of "The Bunny Family," by John H. Jewett, "of Bunnyboy and Browny, of Pinkeyes and Coddledown," their haps and mishaps. Yes, that is *one* way out of the "too much seriousness"—read *St. Nicholas!*

Scribner opens to a fine frontispiece of Walter Scott, introducing a paper, by E. H. Woodruff, "Walter Scott at Work." He tells us that "During the period when Scott was editing the Complete Edition of his works, no less than a thousand persons were occupied in the manufacture of the books," and all Europe and America in the reading. He was a marvellous worker, at one time needing to "refresh the machine" after a great stress of work, he proceeded to Abbotsford and wrote three volumes in six weeks! Sir Walter thought "one should write with spontaneity and buoyancy; that the words should *bound* along, and not lag to quarrel with each other over their places or relative rank," so the fac-simile of the original proof show the care the publisher must take over such rapid work.

The third paper, by D. A. Sargent, M. D., on "Physical Training," is on "The Physical Development of Women."

The leading paper of *The Century* is by Fanny Field Herring,—"Gerome, the Artist." The illustrations are from his paintings including the frontispiece, "Napoleon before the Sphinx." It is a very charming description the author gives of a visit to the home of the artist, of the great picture of the Sphinx, how when she wished to see it, Gerome touched a brass knob, and a door swung back revealing a dim passage; then the shutters were thrown back, and a flood of light reveals—the picture!" No, rather it is the desert itself, scintillating with heat, the cloudless blue of the sky softened towards the horizon by smoky vapors, through which mountains are faintly outlined. On the sandy plains masses of troups march and countermarch, so far away that clash of saber and blare of trumpet do not disturb the profound silence that envelops, as with a mantle, the majestic figure which dominates the scene. The Sphinx rears its massive head, and regards with a calmness, born of absolute knowledge, the vain struggles of a pigmy world."

What wonder that Gerome loved it, and keeps it for his children! There is a pathos in this bit of memory:

Once I found him leaning back in his arm chair, having just lighted his pipe. "I am tired," he said, with a deep sigh. "You tired! You confess it?" "Yes, tired by *years!* It is tiresome to grow old! But," he added with a smile, "it is the only means yet discovered whereby one succeeds in living *long*." And is it not a blessing that some one gathers up these valuable histories, and art and type make them accessible, with all their lessons of beauty, to every student of to-day?

Celebrated Gardens.

The celebrated "Hanging Gardens of Babylon" were within the precincts of the palace called "The Admiration of Mankind." They consisted of gardens of trees and flowers on the topmost of a series of arches 75 feet high, and built in the form of a square, each side of which measured 406 feet. The city of Babylon, with its famous gardens, was razed to its foundation, 690 B. C.

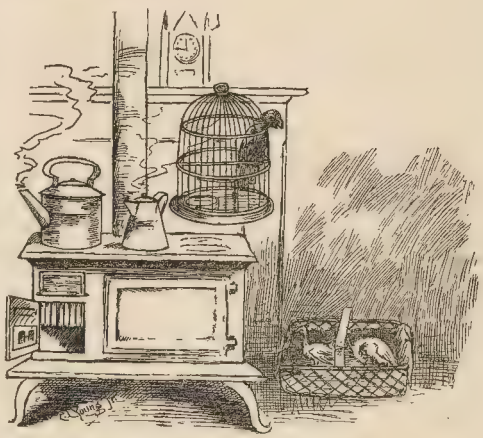
Two Thousand, Five Hundred and Seventy-nine years later we find the celebrated gardens of James Vick in Rochester, New York. For description, Catalogue of seeds, advice how to obtain free a copy of Vick's Floral Guide, and also of the famous new rose, called "Vick's Caprice," address, James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

Sow Them Knee Deep.

The venerable Neal Dow said they had to sow the state of Maine knee deep with temperance literature, before they got Prohibition. Everybody who wants to get a hand in the seed bag and help sow, will do well to send at once for an agency for that splendid book, MOTHER STEWART'S MEMORIES OF THE CRUSADE. Handsomely bound; 535 pages, full of good seed as an egg is of meat. Price, $2.00. Agents wanted everywhere. Get it, do good, and make money! Wm. G. Hubbard & Co., Columbus, Ohio, Publishers. Sold only by subscription.

How to Improve the Complexion.

Send 25c. to Dr. Hanaford, Reading, Mass., for his new book, "How to Improve the Complexion," with "Health Rules." Sent by return mail.



It is very queer how easily a parrot learns to swear. In a certain family they tried to keep a parrot from using profane language by the punishment of throwing water over him. One day the parrot was placed beside the stove to dry off the water thrown on him for this reason, when the gentleman brought in two little chickens out of the rain to dry. The parrot cocked his head on one side and looking down to the chickens, said in a very funny way: "You d——d little rascals, been swearing, haven't you?"

A bright little girl in the First Presbyterian Sunday-school, upon being asked what sort of a spirit that of the Pharisee was, replied: "It was doing a good thing and then feeling big over it."

What if there are a few splashy puddles under foot, and a bit of a storm now and then? Why, we'll hold His hand the tighter. Of course we don't know the way, and don't want to either. Our Father looks out across the way, and he leads us right.—*Sojourner Truth.*

One day Arline and Katie were discussing a story which the latter had read some time ago. Katie said she did not believe it was true, whereupon, the little four-year-old indignantly cried: "Katie, your believer is out of order; your remember needs to be altered, and your forgetter needs to be made smaller."

A man, with the blue badge of temperance in his buttonhole, was addressing a Sunday-school in Michigan, and put this question: "Now, can any little boy or girl tell me why I do not drink, and why I am not a drunkard?" "I can,' said a little fellow. "Very well, my boy; now speak right out so all the children will hear; why is it?" "Because this is a prohibition town!"

The venerable and eloquent Lovick Pierce of the Methodist Church South, preaching on Christian progress at a camp meeting, made one of his characteristic climaxes. "Brother," said he, "you must grow or die. Progress you must make. If you can fly, fly; if you can't fly, run; if you can't run, walk; if you can't walk, crawl;" and then, with a voice rising to trumpet tones, and right hand raised to heaven, he wound up with an explosion like thunder, "if you can't crawl, worm it along!"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Scrofulous Humor.

Miss Mary Etta Leighton, a daughter (16 yrs old) of Mr. and Mrs Harrison G. Leighton, 16 Bickford Court, Lynn, *cured by Lougee's Vitalizing Compound* of a deep seated Scrofulous Humor with discharging eruptions, which had baffled eight physicians and the combined forces of two prominent hospitals. Perfectly cured and without blemish. *Sworn to before*
CALVIN B. TUTTLE, Justice of the Peace.

Where Runs the "Monon" Swiftly Southward.

From Lake Michigan south it starteth,
From CHICAGO great in size;
MICHIGAN CITY, too, it toucheth,
Thence thro' towns of enterprise
En route to INDIANAPOLIS,
Where natural gas floweth free;
Onward then to CINCINNATI,
Offering two routes to the sea;
Or from MONON, where it brancheth,
Visit LAFAYETTE so fair;
Then see ye also LOUISVILLE,
So famed for beauty rare.
Here again the "Monon" offereth
Routes of Pullman Buffet three,
To the Gulf Coast and to Florida,
Via KENTUCKY or TENNESSEE.

Pulman Buffet Sleepers on Night Trains, Chair Cars on Day Trains.

For particulars, address E. O. MCCORMICK, General Passenger Agent, 185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. (City Ticket Office, 75 Clark St.

CANFIELD GOODS.

1 LANGTRY BUSTLE. Only perfect folding bustle; folds when sitting or lying down. 50 cents. **2. CANFIELD DRESS SHIELD.** Only seamless or reliable waterproof Shield made. Have been worn by more than 5,000,000 ladies. 20 cents. **3. SANITARY TOWELS.** A boon to young and middle-aged ladies. Cheaper than washing; easily destroyed by burning; highly recommended by London Physicians. Small size, 40 cents a dozen; large size, 80 cents a dozen. **4. BELT HOSE SUPPORTER.** Prevents pain in hips and back. Patent swing piece at sides adjusts to every movement of the person. 24 to 34 inch waist measure. 35 cents each. **5. STOCKINET DIAPERS.** Soft, easily washed, waterproof, and made to fit any child. 18 to 26 inch waist measure. 75 cents. **6. CORSET HOSE SUPPORTER,** with patent swing piece. 25 cents.

Sold by all leading Dry Goods Houses, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

Canfield Rubber Co., 86 Leonard St. N. Y.

RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.

DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS FOR SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM.

A SHOE MANUFACTURER ATTACKED On his Return from Florida.

AN INSIDIOUS FOE,

Inflammatory Rheumatism and Impoverished Blood. Lougee's : Vitalizing : Compound : Conquers : it : as : it has : done : in : thousands of : cases.

LYNN, MASS., Sept., 23, 1887.

TO THE LOUGEE MEDICINE CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—In March last, upon my return from Florida, I was attacked by Inflammatory Rheumatism which badly affected my knees and feet. I was confined to my bed for three weeks, unable to move, and to the house for more than seven weeks. My appetite was gone, and I suffered from a trembling sensation in my stomach, the result of weakness, almost constantly. I was under medical treatment until May, when your Mr. Welch gave me a bottle of Dr. R. W. Lougee's *Vitalizing Componud* to try. In less than a week after commencing to take the Compound, this unpleasant sensation at the stomach had entirely disappeared, and has never returned; my appetite, which had been very poor, was soon restored in full measure, and by the action of the Compound on my impoverished blood, my rheumatism gradually yielded, and in a month had entirely disappeared. In fact, from the first taking of the Compound my improvement was rapid and constant and I have been for two months in perfect health. I consider it a most remarkable medicine for such affections and can most heartily recommend it to all sufferers like myself.

To parties living at a distance, who may be interested in my case, and in consequence desire to establish my identity, I would say that I have been engaged in shoe manufacturing in this city for some thirty years, and that my residence is at 276 Chestnut St., Lynn, Mass

CHARLES B. LORD.

DR. LOUGEE'S VITALIZING COMPOUND

LOUGEE'S Vitalizing Compound is THE Radical Cure for Scrofula, Cancerous Humors, Diptheritic or Mineral Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint & Dropsy.

All Druggists Keep it.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. **H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.**

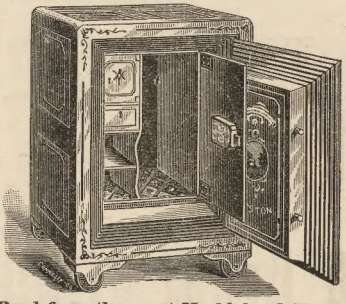
YOUR NAME printed on Pack Silk Fringe etc. Cards, 200 Floral pictures &c. and this Solid Rolled Gold Ring 10c. RAY CO., Clintonville, Ct.

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack May I C U Home Cards, One Pack Hold to the Light Cards, One Pack Escort Cards, One Pack Flirtation Cards, all free if you send 2 cents for Sample Book of Valting Cards. Eagle Card Works, Cadiz, O.

E. C. MORRIS & CO'S., SAFES,

(Formerly the Morris & Ireland Safe.)

Always Preserve their Contents.



Read from the great Marblehead, Mass., Fire:

Marblehead, Mass., Dec. 22, 1888,

Messrs. E.C. Morris & Co., Boston, Mass.:

Gentlemen;—This is to certify that I have been using a No. 6 E. C. Morris & Co. safe. It was in the most terrible fire this town has ever known. On the night of the 25th inst., the safe was subjected to very intense heat for 36 hours. Upon its being opened, to my surprise, I found its contents in perfect condition, with the exception of the leather on one book which was against the wall of the safe, while the writing on every leaf was as legible and clear as when it was put in. I also found machine twist, needles, papers, &c., in good, clear condition. You are at liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit, and should take pleasure in showing the books, etc., to any one who would like to see them. I have this day purchased another of the same size.

Respectfully yours,
HENRY O. SIMONDS.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 2nd, 1889.

Messrs. E. C. Morris & Co., Boston, Mass.:

Gentlemen:—On Aug. 9th, 1887, we had one of your large make safes in our Wolfboro, N. H. factory, which went through a very hot fire and stood the test. Again on Dec. 25th, 1888, in the Marblehead conflagration, another of your make stood the test, and all its contents found in good condition, even a gross of matches. Under those circumstances we can safely recommend your make to all.

Yours truly,
E. W. & I. M. MONROE.

Marblehead, Mass., Dec. 28th, 1888.

Messrs. E. C. Morris & Co., Boston, Mass.:

Gentlemen:—On opening our safe, which we purchased from you two years ago, we found everything in perfect condition. The situation of our safe caused it to be exposed to intense heat for a number of hours. As soon as we are ready to purchase, we will call and select another of your make.

Yours very truly,
J. M. CROPLEY & BROS.

E. C. MORRIS & CO.,

64 Sudbury St., - Boston, Mass.

987 Hidden Name and Motto Cards, Scrap Pictures, Puzzles, Games, tricks to Magic, one pack of Escort Cards, and large Sample Book of genuine Cards, (no3 pictures.) All for a 2 cent stamp. Banner Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

FINEST Card Sample Book ever sent out, 2 cents. Star Importing Co., Cadiz, O.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Subscription Price of THE WOMANS MAGAZINE (strictly in advance) is ***$1 a Year Six Months, 50 cts; Single Copy, 10 cts***

Renewals.—When a BLUE CROSS is placed opposite this paragraph, it is to inform you that your subscription has expired. We shall be pleased to have it renewed promptly.

How to Send Money.—Remit at our risk by Postal Note, Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. If the fractional parts of a dollar are to be sent, please enclose 1 and 2 cent stamps, *none larger*. Do not tear them apart.

Change of Address.—In ordering the address of your magazine changed, always send the present address as well as the new one.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

A Great $1.00 SEED OFFER.

I will send the following 28 kinds of choice seed, a put up in regular size packets and warranted fresh and true to name, three tubers of choice potatoes, and one year's subscription to FARM AND GARDEN, by mail, post-paid, to any address in the U. S. for $1.00, or to Canada for $1.10. Show the offer to your neighbors.

1 pkt. Alaska Peas; 1 pkt. Golden Summer Crookneck Squash; 1 pkt. Long Smooth Parsnips; 1 pkt. Small Sugar Pumpkin; 1 pkt. Low's Champion Bush Bean; 1 pkt. Hubbard Squash; 1 pkt. Lentz Beet; 1 pkt. Yellow Danvers Onions; 1 pkt. Large Bell Pepper; 1 pkt. Corry Sweet Corn; 1 pkt. Mikado Tomato; 1 pkt. Fall Squash; 1 pkt. Evergreen White Spine Cucumber; 1 pkt. Vick's Early Water Melon; 1 pkt. Early Chester Pole Bean; 1 pkt. Livingston's Beauty Tomato; 1 pkt. Stowell's Evergreen Sweet Corn; 1 pkt. Large, White, Ruta Baga Turnip; 1 pkt. Prolific Tree Bean; 1 pkt. Danvers' Carrott; 1 pkt. Nichol's Medium Green Cucumber; 1 pkt. Winningstadt Cabbage; 1 pkt. Early White Six Weeks Turnip; 1 pkt. Sheperd Radish; 1 pkt. Mill's New Cabbage Lettuce; 1 pkt. Tomato, (12 kinds); 1 pkt. Montreal Market Nutmeg Musk Melon; 1 pkt Cabbage, (9 kinds); 1 tuber the Charles Downing Potato, an excellent early kind; 1 tuber Boley's Northern Spy, Potato, an entirely new kind of great merit; 1 tuber Green Mountain Potato, the greatest yielding variety for late crop; and one year subscription to the FARM AND GARDEN, a national Journal of Agriculture and Horticulture. The above will all be nicely packed and sent, post-paid, for $1 00. My new 1889 Price List and Seed Catalogue will be mailed free with each order, and to any one else by request. This collection will suit you. Don't fail to order one or more. Six collections $5.00. Remit by Registered Letter, Money Order, or Bills, carefully enclosed. Don't send stamps. Mention this paper. Address: F. B. MILLS, SEEDSMAN, THORN HILL, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

75 CARDS. 25 May I U U Home Cards, 25 Escort Cards, 25 Birtation Cards, and finest Sample Book of Hidden Name Visiting Cards ever sent out. All only 10 cents. Steam Card Works, Station 15, Ohio.

HERE ARE WONDERS ON THE EARTH THAT WERE NEVER DREAMED OF

MAMMOTH BUDGET.

An Astounding Aggregation of Mysterious, Magical, Mirthful, Musical and Miscellaneous Things. EVERY BUDGET CONTAINS ALL THE FOLLOWING:
60 Parlor Games, 62 Sleight of Hand Tricks, 38 Chemical Experiments, 23 Recitations, 9 Rebusse, 19 Illustrated Puzzles, 109 Popular Songs, 200 Album Verses, 100 Money Making Secrets, 41 Fancy Work Designs, 98 Pictures of Famous Men and Women, 300 Riddles, Puzzles, &c., 6 Large Engravings, Language of Flowers, Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Ghost Flirtation, Handkerchief Flirtation, Lover's Telegraph, Magic Age Tablet, Telegraph Alphabet, Parasol Flirtation, Magic Square, Seven Wonders of the World, Map of the U. S., Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, Calendar for the Current Year, Hat Flirtation, Fan Flirtation, Game of Questions and Answers, $5 Prize Puzzle. We send all the above post paid for only 14 cents, and every person who send an order at once will receive FREE our large SAMPLE BOOK of CARDS and AGENTS OUTFIT.
Address, Eagle Card Works, Cadiz, Ohio.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, & 10 other songs, 150 sleight of hand tricks, 115 experiments in magic, and sample card: All only 10 cents. Capital Card Co., Columbus, Ohio.

99 **Sample Styles of Hidden Name and** Silk Fringe Cards, Sleight of Hand Tricks, Recitations, Dialogues, Puzzles, Conundrums, Games, and how you can make $10 a day at home. All FOR A 2 CENT STAMP. HOME AND YOUTH, CADIZ, OHIO.

REQUEST FOR SPECIMEN COPIES.

TO FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Please send free sample of **The Woman's Magazine** to the following names. We think them believing they will be interested in the same, send

Yours truly,

Date, ... 188

P. O. Address.....

NAME. POST-OFFICE. P. O. BOX. STREET AND NO STATE. COUNTY.

FREE In order to introduce our goods, we will until further notice, send absolutely **free**, to one person in each locality, one of our **Grand Double** Telescopes, and the best Double-Barrelled **Shot Gun** made. We are able to make this wonderful offer for the reason that our goods are of such merit that, when a person possesses them, in any locality, their fame spreads, and many people purchase; a large and profitable trade always results. We can supply **free** only one person in each locality. Those who write at once, will make sure of their reward, while those who delay will lose the chance. Best Gun. Grand Telescope. No space to explain further here. Those who write at once will secure prompt delivery. State your express-office address. Address, **H. HALLETT & CO., Box 261, Portland, Maine.**

Size **Breech-Loading. 10 or 12 Bore.**

Ladies enjoy, above all other things, neat-fitting garments. By WORTH'S FRENCH TAYLOR SYSTEM ON DRESS CUTTING, a person of ordinary intelligence can cut and fit any article of dress perfectly WITHOUT TRYING THE GARMENT ON. This system is so plain, and the book of instructions so complete and clear that a child may cut and fit as perfectly as the most experienced dress Maker. With the Diagrams and Book of Instructions, you know exactly the amount of goods you need. How to fit stout or lean people; how to fit round or hollow shoulders; how to fashion waists; and all the secrets of Dress Making. The extra sleeve pattern is well worth $5.00.

A BIG OFFER, $11.50 for $1.16 WORTH'S is the only simple and correct system by which a person can measure, cut and fit garments without first learning the trade. Price of System compete $10.00.

On receipt of $1.16 we will send postpaid, Worth's System, complete; our Every-Day Cook Book, 325 pages, Price, $1.00, and American Housekeeping for one year, Free.

American Housekeeping, Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING.

A Ladies' Home Journal. "The Best Ladies' Magazine Published." Full 24 pages with a handsome colored cover each month. Complete on all Home Subjects, COOKING, KITCHEN and DINING ROOM, HOME DECORATION, ART, FASHIONS, NEEDLE AND FANCY WORK, HINTS TO MOTHERS, HOME READING, KINDERGARTEN, BRICA-BRAC, Etc., Illustrated Serials by our best Authors, WOMEN'S WAR RECOLLECTIONS. Our Fashion Notes, prepared specially for us, give latest styles of Dress, Millinery, valuable suggestions for Amateurs.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

— UNLIKE ANY OTHER. —

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, and Soreness in Body or Limbs.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous, how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps, Chills, Lameness of Muscles or Stiff Joints and Strains.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States, or Canada. ☞Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

BUY ONLY WHEN YOU GET THE BEST.

Don't buy Dress Cutting Systems until you have examined our Illustrated Circular and see a copy of our FASHION JOURNAL FREE

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESS MAKER

NORA:—"Emma, why is it that your clothing always fit you so perfectly? I have tried every system that is offered for sale, or to be given away, and look at me, a *perfect misfit*."

EMMA:—"Well, Nora! I must say that I tried about all of them with the same result until I purchased one of **Mrs. Moody's Tailor System of Dress Cutting,** and I learned it from the instruction book; and I can now cut any garment worn, to fit perfectly, and I never alter them in a single instance. I tell you it is the only perfect system in the world. Why, do you know that she has a school in Cincinnati, Ohio, where she teaches more ladies dress cutting than are taught by all other systems in the United States; publishes a Fashion Journal and has the largest school of dress cutting in the world."

Send for Illustrated Circulars and Terms to Agents.

Do not be deceived. There are many systems in name only, gotten up simply to sell and impose on the people. We have the ***Best and Only Perfect Self-teaching LADIES TAILOR SYSTEM*** offered to the public, and it is within the reach of all.

We have taught 10,000 Ladies, and over 200,000 Systems have gone into use, and everybody is perfectly satisfied.

☞Illustrated Circulars and sample copy of PARIS FASHION JOURNAL **FREE!**

A. B. FLESHER & CO., 250 to 256 Race Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ONE OUNCE IN EACH BOX

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good Silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 469 Broadway, New York.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Agents wanted in every large place. Ladies can make from $10. to $20. a week. Address, Brainerd & Armstrong Spool Silk Co., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHORTHAND TAUGHT successfully by mail, address W. H. Somersall, P. O. Box. 1358, Boston, Mass., for circular.

NEW York City by night, Wedded & Parted, Widow Bedott. These three books and Agents Sample Cards 10c. Card Co., Cadiz, O.

FALSE Mustache 8 cts. Push Button, 10 cts. Toy Parachute 10c. Capital Card Co., Columbus, O.

LADY AGENTS clear $100 MONTHLY with our *Ladies'* and *Children's wear*. Used by *all* and *indispensable*. G. L ERWIN & CO., Chicago, Ill

741 Silk Fringe and Hidden Name Cards, Scrap Pictures, 25 Games, &c., this Gold Band Ring and Agents Sample Book of genuine Cards (not pictures.) All only 4 cents. Star Importing Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

$3 BUYS our German Silver Stem Wind Watch Send 50 cents to show that you mean business and we will send it by express C. O. D. $2.50, and you need not take it unless it suits you. Catalogue and samples of other goods two cents. Address Banner Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

KOLA CHOCOLATE: Manufactured by T. CHRISTY & CO., London. Five times more Nutritious than Cocoa. Invaluable for Invalids and Delicate Children. Excellent substitute for Tea & Coffee. Sold by druggists. Sample by mail 10c., A. O. SCHOONMAKER, Sole Ag't for U. S., 158 Wm. St., N. Y.

FAT FOLKS

using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

BEST OFFER YET. For 6 cents we will mail you this Stone Set Ring, the famous Bird Call or Prairie Whistle, with which you can imitate any Bird or Animal, and our new Book of Agents Sample Cards. Address, BANNER CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

☞ Please mention THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

GREAT CLUB OFFER.

Until further notice we will accept a club of 6 and over of New Subscribers to THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, at 65 cents each.

This great reduction is made in the hope that through our numerous friends SEVERAL THOUSAND new subscribers will be added to our list for 1889.

WON'T YOU GET UP A CLUB?

☞ ONE FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO CLUB GETTER.

Frank E. Housh & Co.,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Mrs. Alex Obey.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO.

MANUFACTURE

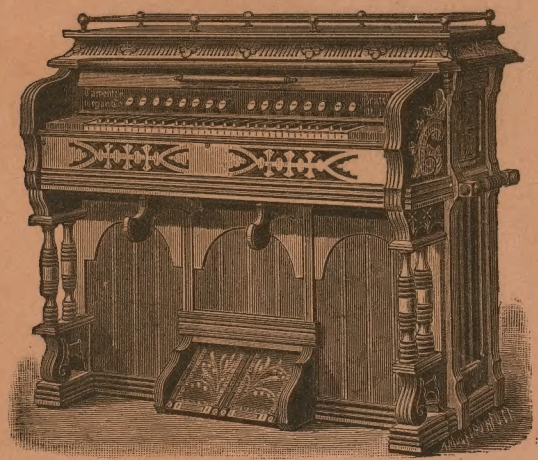
BOOKLETS

EVERY AUTHOR CONTEMPLATING THE PUBLICATION OF A BOOK OR PAMPHLET AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE, CAN GET THE BEST SATISFACTION IN QUALITY, STYLE AND PRICE, BY PLACING ORDERS WITH US.

FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., Publishers, Brattleboro, Vt.

RELIABLE CARPENTER ORGANS.

FOR HOME, SCHOOL, CHURCH AND CHAPEL.



CHAPEL STYLE, No. 150.

Over 70,000 now in use, all of which are giving the greatest satisfaction.

Special Inducements to Clergymen and Churches.

The Carpenter Organs contain the

CELEBRATED CARPENTER ORGAN ACTION.

They are pure in tone, perfect in construction, in exact accord with the voice, and full of patented improvements.

More than 50 different styles, ranging in price from $20.00 up.

AN HONEST ORGAN

(*From the Youth's Companion.*)

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an **honest** organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Actions" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in ORGANS of our manufacture.

WARRANTED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser is given a WRITTEN GUARANTY, FOR EIGHT YEARS.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

We desire the address of all intending purchasers of an organ or piano, and will pay readers of this paper liberally for such service.

Where we have no agent, Organs sold direct on easy payments. Buy no Organ until you have seen our new Catalogue.

☞ Send for our NEW CATALOGUE for 1887. New Styles! New Patented Improvements! New Prices!

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

Please state where you saw this advertisement.